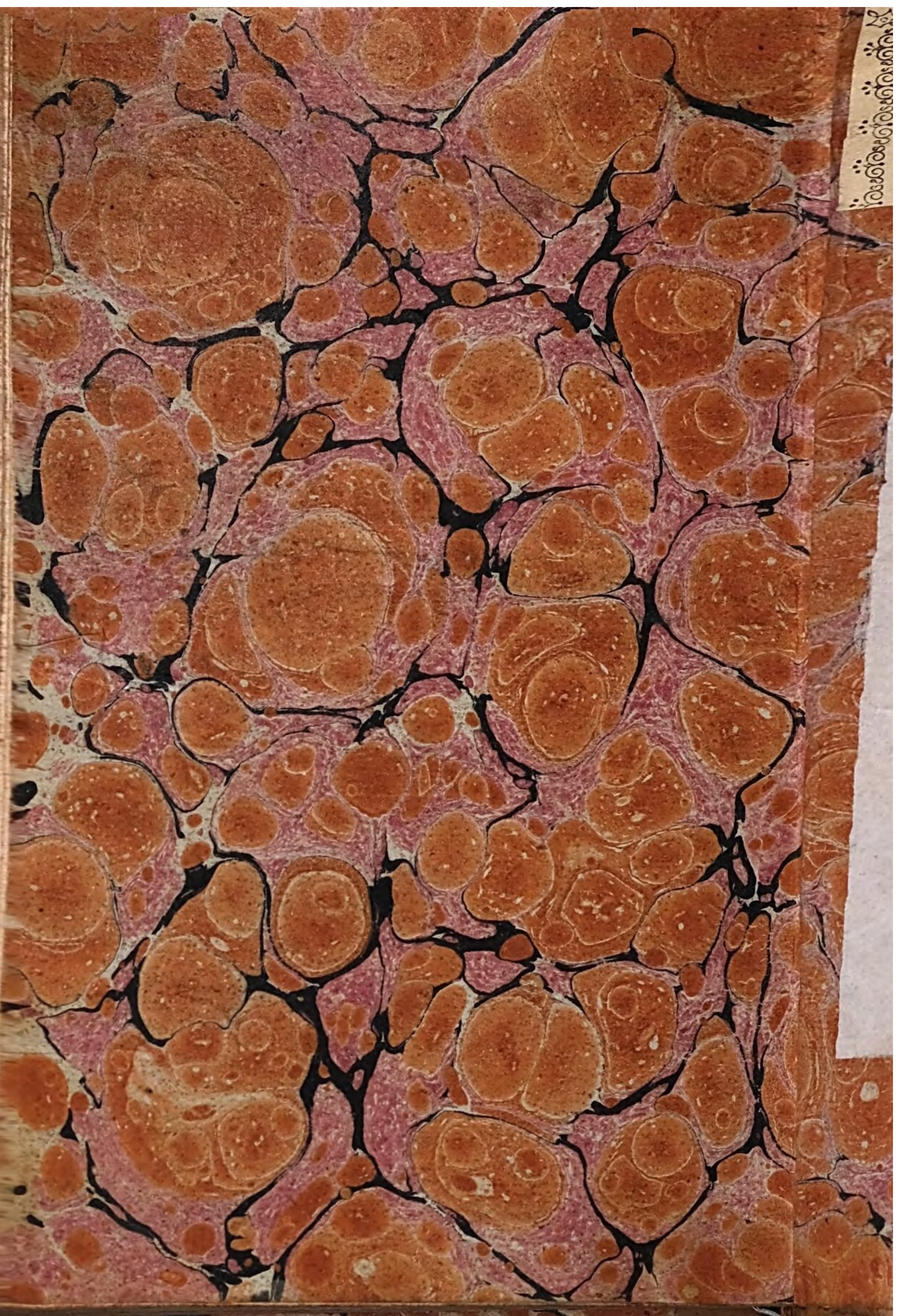
CAPT^N. GORDON,

Royal Navy.



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From a Drawing by J. Maddocks Esq.r — J. Neagle sc.

Published April 10. 1801. by Cadell & Davies. Strand.

POEMS,

BY THE

REVEREND WM. LISLE BOWLES.

VOL. II.

PRINTED FOR

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MDCCCIII.

SONG of the BATTLE of the NILE

COOMBE-ELLEN;

AND

SAINT MICHAEL's MOUNT;

WITH

OTHER POEMS;

AND A

Monody on the Death of the Rev. Dr. Warton.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD,

AS A SMALL

TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

AND

WITH THE HIGHEST RESPECT FOR HER TASTE,

TALENTS, AND PRIVATE VIRTUES,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

OBLIGED AND SINCERE SERVANT,

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

BONHEAD, 1801.

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SONG

OF THE

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Palmeria Charleton. Jane Ch
to W Edward Charleton

SONG

OF THE

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

1.

SHOUT! for the LORD hath triumph'd gloriously!
Upon the shores of that renowned land,
Where erst his " mighty arm and outstretch'd hand"
He lifted high,
And dash'd, " in pieces dash'd the enemy;"—
Upon that ancient coast,
Where " PHARAOH's chariot and his host"
He cast into the deep,
Whilst o'er their silent pomp he bid the swoln sea sweep;
Upon that eastern shore,
That saw his awful arm reveal'd of yore,
AGAIN HATH HE ARISEN, and oppos'd
His foes' defying vaunt.—O'er them the deep hath clos'd!

II.

Shades of mighty chiefs of yore,
Who triumph'd on the self-same shore!
AMMON, who first o'er ocean's empire wide
Didst bid the bold bark stem the roaring tide:
SESAC, who from the East to farthest West
Didst rear thy pillars over realms subdu'd:
And THOU, whose bones do rest
In the huge pyramid's dim solitude,
Beneath the uncouth stone,
Thy name and deeds unknown;
And PHILIP's glorious son,
With conquest flush'd, for fields and cities won;
And thou, Imperial CÆSAR, whose sole sway
The long-disputed world at length confess'd,
When on these shores thy bleeding rival lay:
O could ye, starting from your long cold rest,
Burst Death's oblivious trance,
And once again with plumed pride advance!
How would ye own your fame surpass'd,
And on the sand your trophies cast,
When the storm of conflict o'er,
And ceas'd the burning battle's roar,

Beneath the morning's orient light,
Ye saw, with sails all swelling white,
Britain's proud fleet, to many a joyful cry,
Ride o'er the rolling surge in awful sov'reignty!

III.

For fierce Ambition fir'd your mind—
Beside your glittering car,
Amid the thickest war,
Went Superstition, sorceress blind,
In dimly-figur'd robe, with scowling mien,
Half-hid in jealous hood;
And Tyranny, beneath whose helm was seen
His eye suffus'd with blood;
And giant Pride,
That the great sun with haughty smile defy'd;
And Avarice, that grasp'd his guilty gold;
These, as the sorceress her loud sistrum rung,
Their dismal pæan sung;
And still, far off, pale Pity hung her head,
Whilst o'er the dying and the dead
The victor's brazen wheels with gory axle roll d.
Now look on Him, in holy courage bold—
The assertor of his country's cause behold!

He lifts his gaze to Heav'n, serenely brave,
And whilst around war's fearful banners wave,
He prays, " Protect us, as our cause is just,
" For in thy might alone, Judge of the world! we trust."

IV.

And they are scatter'd—the destroyers die!
THEY that usurp'd the bloody victor's claim,
That spoke of freedom—but " behold a cry!"
They, that like a wasteful flame,
Or the huge sandy pillar, that amain
Whirls 'mid the silence of the desert plain,
Deathful in their career of terror came,
And scatter'd ruin as they pass'd!
So rush they, like the simoom's horrid blast;—
They sweep, and all around is wilderness!
But from thy Throne on high,
Thou, GOD, hast heard the cry
Of nations in distress!
Britain goes forth beneath thy might
To quell the proud blasphemers in the fight—
And Egypt far along her winding main
Echoes the shout of joy, and genuine Freedom's strain!

V.

Now let them, who thy name, O God! defy,
Invoke the mighty Prophet of the East;
Or deck, as erst, the mystick feast
To Ashtaoroth, queen of the starry sky!
Let them, in some cavern dark,
Seek Osiris' bury'd ark;
Or call on Typhon, of gigantic form,
Lifting his hundred arms, and howling 'mid the storm;
Or to that grisly king
In vain their cymbals let them ring,
To him in Tophet's vale rever'd,
(With smoke his brazen idol smear'd)
Grim Moloch, in whose fuming furnace blue
Th' unpitying priest the shrieking infant threw,
Whilst to shrill cries, and drums' and timbrels' sound,
The frantic and unhearing troop danc'd round;
To *him* despairing let them go,
And tell their fearful tale of hideous overthrow!

VI.

Calm breath'd the airs along the evening bay,
Where, all in warlike pride,
The Gallick squadron stretch'd its long array;
And o'er the tranquil tide

With beauteous bend the streamers wav'd on high:
But, ah! how chang'd the scene ere night descend!
Hark to the shout that heav'n's high concave rends!
Hark to that dying cry!
Whilst, louder yet, the cannon's roar
Resounds along the Nile's affrighted shore;
Where from his oosy bed
The cow'ring crocodile hath rais'd his head!
What bursting flame
Lightens the long tract of the gleamy brine?
From yon proud ship it came—
That tow'r'd the leader of the hostile line!
Now loud explosion rends the midnight air!
Heard ye the last deep groaning of despair?—
Heav'n's fiery cope unwonted thunders fill,
Then, with one dreadful pause, earth, air, and seas are still!

VII.

But now the mingl'd fight
Begins its awful strife again!
Through the dun shades of night
Along the darkly-heaving main
Is seen the frequent flash:
And many a tow'ring mast with dreadful crash

Rings falling: Is the scene of slaughter o'er?
Is the death-cry heard no more?
Lo! where the East a glimm'ring freckle streaks,
Slow o'er the shadowy wave the grey dawn breaks.
Behold, O sun! the flood
Strew'd with the dead, and dark with blood!
Behold, all scatter'd on the rocking tide,
The wrecks of haughty Gallia's pride!
But Britain's floating bulwarks, with serene
And silent pomp, amidst the deathful scene
Move glorious, and more beautiful display
Their ensigns streaming to thy orient ray.

VIII.

Awful Genius of the land,
Who (thy reign of glory clos'd)
By marble wrecks, half-hid in sand,
Hast mournfully repos'd;
Who long, amidst the wasteful desert wide,
Hast lov'd with death-like stillness to abide;
Or wrapt in tenfold gloom,
From noise of human things for ages hid,
Hast sat upon the shapeless tomb
In the forlorn and dripping pyramid;

Awake! Arise!—
Though thou behold the day no more
That saw thy pride and pomp of yore;
Though, like the sounds that in the morning ray
Trembl'd and died away
From MEMNON's statue; though like these, the voice
That bid thy vernal plains rejoice,
The voice of Science is no longer heard;
And all thy gorgeous state hath disappear'd:
Yet hear, with triumph, and with hope again,
The shouts of joy that swell from thy forsaken main!

IX.

And, oh! might He, at whose command
Deep darkness shades a mourning land;
At whose command, bursting from night,
And flaming with redoubl'd light,
The Sun of Science mounts again,
And re-illumes the wide-extended plain;
Might He, from this eventful day,
Illustrious Egypt! to thy shore
Science, Freedom, Peace restore,
And bid thy crowded ports their ancient pomp display!

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J. Neagle sc.

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No more should Superstition mark,
In characters uncooth and dark,
Her dreary, monumental shrine!
No more should meek-ey'd Piety
Outcast, insulted lie
Beneath the mosque whose golden crescents shine;
But starting from her trance,
O'er Nubia's sands advance
Beyond the farthest fountains of the Nile!
The dismal Gallas should behold her smile,
And Abyssinia's inmost rocks rejoice
To hear her awful lore, yet soft consoling voice!

X.

Hasten, O God! the time, when never more
Pale Pity, from her moonlight seat, shall hear
(And dropping at the sound a fruitless tear)
The far-off battle's melancholy roar;
When never more Horror's portentous cry
Shall sound amid the troubl'd sky;
Or dark Destruction's grimly-smiling mien,
Through the red flashes of the fight be seen!
Father in Heav'n! our ardent hopes fulfil—
Thou speakest "Peace," and the vex'd world is still!

Yet should Oppression huge arise,
And with bloody banners spread,
Upon the gasping nations tread,
Whilst he thy name defies,
Trusting in Thee alone, we hope to quell
His furious might, his purpose fell;
And as the ensigns of his baffl'd pride
O'er the seas are scatter'd wide,
We will take up a joyous strain and cry—
" *Shout! for the* LORD *hath triumph'd gloriously!*"

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTIONS,

FOR

A GARDEN-SEAT AT HOME.

OH no!—I would not leave thee, my sweet home,
Deck'd with the mantling woodbine and the rose,
And slender woods that the still scene inclose,
For yon magnificent and ample dome*
That glitters in my sight: yet I can praise
Thee, ARUNDEL, who, shunning the throng'd ways
Of glittering vice, silently dost dispense
The blessings of retir'd munificence.
Me a sequester'd cottage, on the verge
Of thy outstretch'd domain, delights; and here
I wind my walks, and sometimes drop a tear
O'er ****'s urn, scarce wishing to emerge

* Wardour Castle.

Into the troubled ocean of that life,
Where all is turbulence, and toil, and strife.
Calm roll the seasons o'er my shaded niche;
I dip the brush, or touch the tuneful string,
Or hear at eve the unscar'd blackbirds sing;
Enough if, from their loftier sphere, the rich
Deign my abode to visit, and the poor
Depart not, cold and hungry, from my door.

DONHEAD, OCT. 12, 1798.

IN HORTO PROPRIO.

CENOTAPHII INS.

HAS inter placidas umbras et amœna vireta
Qua trepidans leni labitur unda sono,
Sperabam longos, heu! tecum ducere soles,
Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu!
Fato aliter visum est——urnam mihi restat inanem
Ornare, et mœsta dicere voce "Vale."

DECEMBRIS 1798.

IN HORTO REVDI J. STILL,

APUD KNOYLE, VILLAM AMŒNISSIMAM.

ADVENA, paulisper veteris requiesce sub umbrâ
Arboris, adversos colles et florea rura
Prospiciens, tacitâ si tum dulcedine mentem
Naturæ tangat facies, (sub tempore verno
Dum juxtâ vaga mussat apis) lætare; corusca
Eh! tibi scena viret, lauris accincta et amœnis
Sparsa rosis, aviûm fervent arbusta querelis,
Et raptìm foliis trepidantibus aura susurrat.
Lætare, et verno jam jam sub lumine, carpe,
Dum licet, ipse rosas, et fallas tristia vitæ.

TRANSLATION.

STRANGER! awhile beneath this aged tree
Rest thee, the hills beyond, and flow'ry meads,
Surveying; and if Nature's charms may wake
A sweet and silent transport at thine heart,
(In spring-time, while the bee hums heedless nigh)
Rejoice!—for thee the verdant spot is dress'd,

Circled with laurels green, and sprinkled o'er
With many a budding rose: the shrubs all ring
To the birds' warblings, and by fits the air
Whispers amid the foliage o'er thine head!—
Rejoice, and oh! if life's sweet spring be thine,
So "gather its brief rose-buds," and deceive
The cares and crosses of humanity.

AT

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Come to these peaceful seats, and think no more
Of cold, of midnight watchings, or the roar
Of Ocean, tossing on his restless bed!
Come to these peaceful seats, ye who have bled
For honour, who have travers'd the great flood,
Or on the battle's front with stern eye stood,
When roll'd its thunder, and the billows red
Oft clos'd, with sudden flashings, o'er the dead!

O heavy are the sorrows that beset
Old age! and hard it is—hard to forge-

The sunshine of our youth, our manhood's pride!
But here, O aged men, ye may abide
Secure, and see the last light on the wave
Of Time, which wafts you silent to your grave:
Like the calm evening ray, that smiles serene
Upon the tranquil Thames, and cheers the sinking scene.

FOR

A RUSTIC SEAT NEAR THE SEA.

TO him, who many a night upon the main
At midwatch, from the bounding vessel's side
Shiv'ring, has listen'd to the rocking tide,
O how delightful smile thy views again,
Fair Land! the shelter'd hut, and far-seen mill
That safe sails round and round; the tripping rill
That o'er the grey sand glitters; the clear sky,
Beneath whose blue vault shines the village tow'r,
That high elms, swaying in the wind, embow'r
And hedge-rows, where the small birds' melody
Solace the lithe and loit'ring peasant lad!
O Stranger, is thy pausing fancy sad

At thought of many evils which do press
On wide humanity?—Look up—address
The God which made the world! but let thy heart
Be thankful, though some heavy thoughts have part;
That, shelter'd from the human storms' career,
Thou meetest innocence and quiet here.

AT

WARDOUR CASTLE.

If rich designs of sumptuous art may please,
Or Nature's loftier views, august and old,
Stranger, behold this spreading scene,—behold
This amphitheatre of aged trees,
That solemn wave above thee, and around
Darken the tow'ring hills! Dost thou complain
That thou shouldst cope with penury or pain,
Or sigh to think what pleasures might be found
Amid such wide possessions?—Pause awhile—
Imagine thou dost see the sick man smile,

See the pale exiles,* that in yonder dome,
Safe from the wasteful storm, have found a home;
And thank the Giver of all Good, that lent
To the humane, retir'd, beneficent,
The pow'r to bless:—Nor lift thy heart elate,
If such domains be thine; but emulate
The fair example, and those deeds, that rise
Like holy incense wafted to the skies,—
Those deeds that shall sustain the conscious soul,
When all this empty world is perish'd, like a scroll!

AT

POLE-VELLUM, CORNWALL,

A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE AND GROUNDS BELONGING TO J. LEMON, ESQ.

STRANGER! mark this lovely scene,
When the evening sets serene,
And starting o'er the silent wood,
The last pale sunshine streaks the flood,

French Emigrants, chiefly supported by the bounty of Lord Arundel.

And the water gushing near
Soothes, with ceaseless drip, thine ear:
Then bid each passion sink to rest—
Should e'en one wish rise in thy breast,
One tender wish, as now in mine,
That some such quiet spot were thine,
And thou, recalling seasons fled,
Could'st wake the slumbers of the dead,
And bring back her you lov'd, to share
With thee calm peace and comfort there;—
O check the thought! but inly pray
To Him, 'who gives and takes away,'
That many years this fair domain
Its vary'd beauties may retain,—
So when some wand'rer, who has lost
His heart's best treasure, who has cross'd
In life bleak hills and passes rude,
Should gain this lovely solitude,—
Delighted he may pause awhile,
And when he marks the landscape smile,
Leave with its willows, ere he part,
The blessings of a soften'd heart.

JULY 1786.

ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

FORMING A COLD BATH, AT COOMBE, NEAR DONHEAD, BELONGING TO MY BROTHER, CHAS. BOWLES, ESQ.

LYMPHA, fluas per opaca loci, super humida saxa
Murmur lene ciens, et si quis venerit hospes
Confectus morbo, præstet pura unda salutem,
Et lætum revocet languenti lumen ocello.
Tum celsæ umbroso nutantes margine quercus,
Atq; avium cantus, collapsaq; lympha per antrum
Mulcebunt lacerum, suavis seu musica, pectus!
At tu qui venias patriis expulsus ab aris,
O si Lethæos hic sumas lætior haustus,
Neve ultra terram natalem, cœde madentem,
Aut dulces agros recoles, aut nota fluenta,
Aut vespertinâ campanam valle sonantem!

TRANSLATION.

FOUNTAIN, that sparklest through the shady place,
Making a soft sad murmur o'er the stones
That strew thy lucid way! O, if some guest
Should haply wander near, with slow disease

Smitten, may thy cold springs the rose of health
Bring back, and the quick lustre to his eye!
The ancient oaks that on thy margin wave,
The song of birds, and through the rocky cave
The clear stream gushing, their according sounds
Should mingle, and, like some strange musick, steal
Sadly, yet soothing, o'er his aching breast.
And thou,* pale exile from thy native shores,
Here drink, (O couldst thou! as of Lethe's stream!)
Nor friends, nor bleeding country, nor the views
Of hills or streams belov'd, nor vesper's bell,
Heard in the twilight vale, remember more!

FOR A CENOTAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ISAAC,
WHO DIED AT CAPE ST. NICHOLA MOLE, 1797.

O hadst thou fall'n, brave Youth! on that proud day,†
When our victorious fleet o'er the red surge

* French priests, who have a residence near.

† The 1st of June, 1794, when Col. Isaac greatly distinguished himself as commander of the military on board Lord Howe's ship.

Roll'd in terrifick glory, thou hadst fall'n
Most-honour'd; and rememb'rance, while she thought
Upon thy gallant end, had dry'd her tear!
Now far beyond the huge Atlantick wave
Thy bones decay!—the withering pestilence,
That swept the iſlands of the western world,
Smote thee, untimely drooping to the tomb!
But 'tis enough—whate'er a soldier's fate—
That firm he hied him, where stern honour bade;
Though, with unequal strength, he sunk and died.

[The following beautiful and pathetick Lines were written by
NEWTON OGLE, DEAN of WINCHESTER,
At his paternal Estate, Kirkley, Northumberland.]

AD BLYTHUM AMNEM,

1764.

Tu qui strepente, subter, Amnis gurgite
Paterna lambis prædia,
Inter reluctantes lapillos ad mare
Iter minutum dividens;

Tu scilicèt per prata ut olim volveris,
Non ista sed mens est mihi
Olim quæ erat, fluenta cum propter tua
Securus errabam puer,
Horas inertes, imputandas vix reor,
Fallens labore ineptulo!—
Seu congerebam flexuoso in margine
Quos sistit unda calculos,
Pedes lubebat seu magis tenellulos
Frigente lympha tingere,
Aquatiles seu fortè inescarem incolas
" Opima jactans præmia!"
Curis peribant his dies inanibus,
Nunquam heu reversuri dies!
Heri puer eram, cras futurus sum senex;
Sic annus annum dimovet,
Et irremisso pede dies urget diem;
Velociore non quidèm
Tuæ loquaces sata per et sylvas aquæ
Volvuntur in vastum mare.
Quin aufer hinc tecum pelagus in turbidum
Longè aufer has curas precor,
Et ritè pergas sospitare flumine
Circumfluo nostram domum.

TRANSLATION.

O THOU, that prattling on thy pebbl'd way
Through my paternal vale dost stray,
Working thy shallow passage to the sea;
O stream, thou speedest on
The same as many seasons gone;
But not, alas! to me
Remain the feelings that beguil'd
My early road, when careless and content
(Losing the hours in pastimes innocent)
Upon thy banks I stray'd, a playful child;
Whether the pebbles that thy margin strew,
Collecting, heedlessly I threw;
Or lov'd in thy translucent wave
My tender shrinking feet to lave;
Or else insnar'd your little fry,
And thought how wondrous skill'd was I!—
So pass'd my boyiſh days, unknown to pain,
Days that will ne'er return again.
It seems but yeſterday
I was a child—to-morrow to be grey!
So years succeeding years steal silently away.

Not fleeter thy own current, hurrying thee,
Rolls down to the great sea.
Thither O carry these sad thoughts—the deep
Bury them;—thou meantime thy tenor keep,
And winding through the green-wood, chear,
As erst my native, peaceful pastures, here.

THE FOLLOWING LATIN COMPOSITION,

ON THE

"SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR,"

GAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S PRIZE IN THE UNIVERSITY

OF OXFORD, IN THE YEAR 1782.

CALPE OBSESSA.

JAMDUDUM infaustos ausus et fracta laboris
Consilia ingentis, sparsasq; impune catervas
Gallia plorabat: nequicquam classe frequenti
Stipata iratas hinc illinc occupat undas,
Nequicquam extremo surgens Hispania nisu
Sese infert belli sociam, obsessumq; per æquor
Amplior incedit: Tu, Calpe, immobilis hæres,
Et longè innocuum spectas illæsa tumultum.

Alma oh, quæ proprias, invicto numine, vires
Suppeditans, pleno permixta in pectore vivis,
Libertas; et tu, magnæ Virtutis imago,
Majestate vigens sublimior inconcussâ
Dum patriæ pius urget amor; si littora, vobis
Cognita, si rupes Graiis lustrata triumphis,
Si devota acies, et vis peritura juventæ
Spartanæ, (dum jam calcata per agmina Xerxis
Scindit iter, vindexq; recondi respuit ensis)

Non ingrata olim; simili succurite fato
Oh tandem, et vestros ultro spectate Britannos.
Tum mihi, si vos rite voco, aspirate canenti,
Dum refero insueti spectacula lurida belli,
Atq; instructa novis armamentaria telis.

Continuò ante oculos sese objicit ardua rupes,
Non ignota olim famâ, ancipitiq; resurgens
Despicit arce undas, custosq; in limine regnat
Vi secura suâ: quippe arctè angusta profundi
Claustra premunt, utriq; objecta repagula ponto:
Invadit campos hic impacatus Iberus
Vicinos nimium, a tergo, finesque propinquos,
Et Calpem disjunctam, et non sua culmina spectans.
Scilicet hanc etiam regni de parte revelli
Invidet, et jam nunc ultricibus æstuat armis:
Hâc mente, ut possit pelagi jus ipse tueri
Subjecti, et placidâ tandem statione potitus
Tutiùs in proprias Commercia vertere Gadesù.

Ergo, ubi jam longo confecta Britannia bello
Œgre lassatis vix vix sese arrigit armis,
Grande opus aggreditur, socioq; cupidine ductos
Juncta, nec invitos, vocat in certamina Gallos.

Unà intenti omnes non æquo Marte labantem
Diruere, et priſcum properant divellere sceptrum.
Urget amor patriæ, tum magni gloria facti,
Vindictæq; ardor, læsæq; injuria famæ.

Protinus innumeræ coëunt hinc inde catervæ.
Et quos clivosis Hispania mittit ab oris,
Quiq; et nativos scopulos, vitesq; paternas
Linquebant, acti intentati Martis in arma.
Undique tum rupem porrecto milite cingunt
Obsessam, et propriis latè dominantur in undis.

Quid tum quid miseris sperare? en! hostis ubique
Cinxit! jam terret teterrima mortis imago,
Ostendens vultum et stillantes sanguine crines;
Jamque expectanti sensìm confecta dolore
Ægra fames, taciturno implorans lumine victum!
At non idcircò firmi fiducia cæpti
Heroi Angliaco cessit, vel pectoris ingens
Consilium. Multæ stat sese opponere morti,
Tum tempestatem belli incertosq; tumultus
Temperat, et placidâ præsens virtute serenat,
Ipse alacri studio, promptisq; laboribus instans.

At pulsa et fractis jampridem arrectior iris
Majori assurgit cæpto, atq; immane volutat
Gallia mortis opus. Quippe ingentem ordine molem,
Turrito tumidos superante culmine fluctus
Ædificant, vastiq; attollunt pondera ligni.
Scilicet ut cæco penitus munimine septi
Mortem aspernentur propiorem, et fulmina missa,
Atq; impune ignes trepidos jaculentur in hostes.
Surgit opus, furtimque futuro funere fœtum
Sulcat aquas longe minitans; nec tristior illa
Quæ sœva in miseram surgebat machina Trojam,
Horrendùm incumbens devotæ desuper urbi.
Heu Troja infelix nimium! quod si tibi talis
Contigerat ductor, qualis tibi, prospera Calpe,
Urbs antiquâ diu staret, nec Græcia vindex
Straverat immani fumantia templa ruina.
Quinetiam dum jam propiori fronte minatur.
Remigii species miri, peregrinaq; classis,
Altè heros tacitum volvit sub corde triumphum
Collecto, atq; aciem attentus collustrat euntem,
Conscius interea consurgit pectoris ardor,
Tum clamat:—" Vos, oh! rupes, et sola locorum
" Relligio, innumeros nedum violata per annos;
" Tuq; adeo quæcunque imâ tellure potestas

" Sæva arcana tenes; liceat mihi, numine vestro,
" Tentare hoc saltem, et veteres turbare recessus.
" Vosq; etiam, socii, pars oh carissima, mecum
" Quos una adjunxit cura et commune periclum,
" Si vel tangat amor, magnorum aut cura parentum,
" Nunc, oh nunc, unâ supremo incumbite nisu,
" Et priscos revocate animos, geniumq; priorem."

Sic ait, accenditq; acres per pectora flammas.
Arma fremunt; nec vastâ instans immanior umbrâ
Machina, nec cædis jam jam minitantis imago
Altum animum, firmosve valet deflectere sensus.
Protinus insolito reboant tormenta fragore
Ignitosq; globos, et fulmen missile torquent.
Alma dies, aliis quæ frustra lætior oris
Surrexisti, iterum redeuntia gaudia volvens,
Heu quales ibi tum strages, quæ funera testis
Spectabas! cædis quantos hinc inde tumultus!
Te redeunte, tamen, lætata est plurima mater,
(Gallia, villarum per limina sparsa tuarum)
Et natum absentem revocat " quin præmia famæ
" Jam tulit," exclamat, " jam nunc sua tempora lauro
" Victrici cingit, sociis spectandus," at ille
Ille miser periit, nec rursum gaudia ruris,

Neve domus, matrisve reducat cura senilis,
Nec deserta sonans vicinâ fistula valle.

Nec vero, ut retulit nox exoptata tenebras
Cessavit furor, ardenti conjecta ruinâ
Sævit adhuc longe missi vis flammea ferri.
Continuò exustæ dant mœsta incendia naves,
Umbrosumq; vadum fumanti tramite signant.
Securi Britones geminata tonitrua torquent:
Ipse inter medios, altoque serenior ore,
Dux latè Martem spectat sublimis opacum,
(Seu quondam proprio vestitum fulmine numen)
Arma tenens, fatiq; velut moderatur habenas.
Audiit insolitum sola sub nocte fragorem
Adversum Libyæ littus, longèq; tremiscit
Montanas inter latebras exsomnis Hyæna!

Hic labor, et victis cessit spes ultima Gallis.
Partem flamma rapit tentantem heu plurima frustra,
Pars arrepta undis, scopulisq; illisa cruentis
Decidit, et moriens muto œgre suspicit ore.
Tum quoque semineces dum vix luctantur in undis,
Dux ipse auxilium, si quid pia cura juvaret,
Hostibus heu miseris, ultrâ vix hostibus, offert

Paulatim eluctans redit in præcordia sanguis,
Et pallens tacitum testatur vultus amorem!
At vos, æterno surgentes culmine rupes,
Quæ spectavistis latè cædemq; fugamq;
Dicite, cum tandem peragrato victor ab orbe
Alcides olim rediens, hîc littore vestro
Certos instituit fines, metamq; viarum;
Dicite, cum rutilis descendens Julius armis
Primùm intentati perrupit claustra profundi
Per vestros aditus; an justior inde triumphus,
Ac quando Angliacus, flammis victricibus, heros
Hinc conjuratas truculento milite turmas
Confregit, lacerasque rates, et signa per amplas
Sparsa undas, summâ victor lustrabat ab arce?
Tuq; etiam variis distracta O patria curis,
Si quid mœstus amor, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Sic etiam strato surgas sublimior hoste
Majestate novâ, viresq; a vulnere sumas.
Nec mihi vana fides—jam nunc promissa futuri
Splendida, musa videt, lætosq; ex ordine menses.
Ipsa suam agnoscit jam America fida parentem,
Jam tibi per longos fines victa oceani vis
Submittit vetus imperium, curvasq; per oras
Latè aperit mundi Commercia plena remoti.

Salveto, oh tandem trepidis erepta periclis!
Æternùm invicta florescas, Anglia, fama,
Dum, velut unda tuam quæ verberat irrita Calpem,
Incassùm fractâ discordia murmurat irâ.

ST. MICHAEL's MOUNT.

A POEM.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD SOMMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM,

THESE LINES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH-OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ST. MICHAEL's MOUNT.

WHILE Summer airs scarce breathe along the tide,
Oft pausing, up the Mountain's craggy side
We climb:—How beautiful, how still, how clear,
The scenes that stretch around! The rocks that rear
Their shapes, in rich fantastic colours drest;
The hill-tops, where the softest shadows rest:
The long-retiring bay, the level sand,
The fading sea-line; and the farthest land,
That seems, as low it lessens from the eye,
To steal away beneath the cloudless sky!

But yesterday, the misty morn was spread
In dreariness on the bleak mountain's head:—
No glittering prospect from the upland smil'd:
The driving squall came dark, the ſea heav'd wild,

And lost and lonely, the way-farer sigh'd,
Wet with the hoar spray of the flashing tide.
How chang'd is now the circling scene! The deep
Stirs not; the glancing roofs and white tow'rs peep
Along the margin of the lucid bay;
The sails, descry'd far in the offing grey,
Hang motionless, and the pale headland's height
Is touch'd as with sweet gleams of fairy light!

Oh! live there on earth's busy-stirring scene,
Whom Nature's tranquil charms, her airs serene,
Her seas, her skies, her sun-beams, fail to move
With stealing tenderness and grateful love?
Go, thankless man, to Misery's cave—behold
Captivity, stretch'd in her dungeon cold!
Or think on those, who, in yon dreary mine,*
Sunk fathoms deep beneath the rolling brine,
From year to year, amid the lurid shade,
O'er-weary'd, ply their melancholy trade!
That thou may'st bless the glorious sun; and hail
Him, who with beauty cloath'd the hill and vale,

* A Mine called the Wherry-Mine, beneath the surface of the sea, near Penzance.

Who bent the arch of the high heav'ns for thee,
And stretch'd in amplitude the broad blue sea.
Now sunk are all its murmurs—and the air
But moves by fits the bents, that here and there
Upshoot in casual spots of faded green:
Here straggling sheep the scanty pasture glean,
Or on the jutting fragments that impend,
Stray fearlessly, and gaze, as we ascend.

Mountain!* no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with vary'd shade thy hoary brow;
No sunny meadows at thy feet are spread,
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed.
But thou canst boast thy beauties—ample views
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse;
Headlands around new-lighted; sails, and seas
Now glassy-smooth, now wrinkling to the breeze;
And when the drisly Winter, wrapt in sleet,
Goes by, and winds and rain thy ramparts beat,
Fancy can see thee standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak, and bare and tempest proof,

* Three or four sheep were seen rambling among the precipices, and picking here and there a blade of grass; but in general the Rock is naked, and extremely steep and craggy.

Look as with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane, the dashing wave;
More graceful, when the storm's dark vapours frown,
Than when the summer suns in pomp go down!

And such is he, who, clad in homely weeds,
And boasting little more than nature needs,
Can wrap him in contentedness, and wear
A port unchang'd, in seasons rude or fair.
His may be Fancy's sunshine; and the Muse
May deck his visions with her fairest hues;
And he may lift his honest front, and say
To the hard storm, that rends his locks of grey,
"I heed thee not;"—he unappall'd may stand
Beneath the cloud that shades a sinking land,
(While heedless of the storm that onward sweeps,
Mad impious Riot his loud wassal keeps)
Pre-eminent in native worth; nor bend,
Though gathering ills on his bare head descend:
And when the wasteful storm sweeps o'er its prey,
And rends the kingdoms of the world away,
He, firm as stands the Rock's unshaken base,
Yet panting for a surer resting-place,

The human hurricane unmov'd can see,
And say, " O God, my refuge is in Thee!"

States, anchor'd deep, that far their shadow cast,
Rock, and are scatter'd by th' Almighty's blast!
As when, awaken'd from his horrid sleep,
In fiery caves, a thousand fathoms deep,
The Earthquake's Dæmon hies aloft—he waits
Nigh some high-turreted proud city's gates,
As list'ning to the mingl'd shouts and din
Of the mad crowd that feast or dance within.
Mean time sad nature feels his sway, the wave
Heaves, and low sounds moan thro' the mountain cave;
Then all at once is still, still as midnight,
When not the lime-leaf moves.—O, piteous sight!
For now the glitt'ring domes crash from on high—
And hark, a strange and lamentable cry!
It ceases—and the tide's departing roar
Alone is heard upon the desert shore,
That, as it sweeps, with slow huge swell, away,
Remorseless mutters o'er its bury'd prey.

So Ruin hurrieth o'er this shaken ball:
He bids his blast go forth, and lo! they fall,

A Carthage or a Rome.—Then rolls the tide
Of deep Forgetfulness, whelming the pride
Of man, his shatter'd and forsaken bow'rs!
His noiseless cities, and his prostrate tow'rs,
Some columns, eminent and awful, stand,
Like Egypt's pillars on the lonely sand;
We read upon their base, inscrib'd by Fame,
An HOMER'S here, or here a SHAKESPEARE'S name,
Yet think not of the surge, that soon may sweep
Ourselves unnumber'd to th' oblivious deep.

Yet time* has been, as mould'ring legends say,
When all yon Western tract, and this bright bay
(Where now the sunshine sleeps, and wheeling white
The sea-mew circles in fantastic flight)
Was peopl'd wide; but the loud storm hath rav'd,
Where its green top the high wood whispering wav'd,
And many a year the slowly-rising flood
Rak'd, where the Druids' uncooth altar stood.
Thou only, aged Mountain, dost remain!
Stern monument amidst the delug'd plain.

* Tradition reports, that the Rock was anciently connected by a large tract of land with the Isles of Scilly, and that the whole space between was inundated by an incursion of the sea.

And fruitless the big waves thy bulwarks beat;
The big waves slow retire, and murmur at thy feet:*
THOU, half-encircl'd by the refluent tide,
As if thy state its utmost rage defy'd,
Dost tow'r above the scene as in thine ancient pride.

Mountain! the curious Muse might love to gaze
On the dim record of thy early days;
Oft fancying that she heard, like the low blast,
The sounds of mighty generations past.
THEE the Phœnician, as remote he sail'd
Along the unknown coast, exulting hail'd,
And when he saw thy rocky point aspire,
Thought on his native shores of Aradus or Tyre!
Distain'd with many a ghastly giant's blood,
Upon thy height huge Corineus† stood,

* It is only at high tide the Rock is entirely surrounded by the sea; at low water it is accessible by land.

† One of the supposed followers of Brutus, to whom Cornwall was allotted;—"The rather by him lik'd, (says Milton) for that the hugest "giants in rocks and caves were said to lurk there; which kind of mon-"sters to deal with was his old exercise."

And clash'd his shield; whilst, hid in caves profound,
His monstrous foe cower'd at the fearful sound.
Hark to the brazen clarions' pealing swell!
The shout at intervals, the deep'ning yell!
Long ages speed away, yet now again
The noise of battle *hurtles on the plain!*
Behold the dark-hair'd warriors!—down thy side,
O Mountain! sternly terrible, they stride!
E'en now, impatient for the promis'd war,
They rear their axes* huge, and shouting, cry to THOR!

The sounds of conflict cease—at dead of night
A voice is heard, "Prepare the Druid rite!"
And hark! the bard upon thy summit rings
The deep chords of his thrilling harp, and sings
To Night's pale Queen, that through the heavens wide,
Amidst her still host list'ning, seems to ride!
Slow sinks the cadence of the solemn lay,
And all the sombrous scen'ry steals away—
The shadowy Druid throng, the darksome wood,
And the hoar altar, wet with human blood.

* At the bottom of this mountain, as they were digging for tin, they found spear-heads, axes, &c. *(Camden.)*

Mark'd ye the Angel-spectre that appear'd?
By other hands the holy fane* is rear'd
High on the point, where, gazing o'er the flood,
Confess'd the glitt'ring Apparition stood.
And now the sailor, on his watch of night,
Sees, like a glimm'ring star, the far-off light;
Or, homeward bound, hears on the twilight bay
The slowly-chaunted vespers die away!

These scenes are fled and pass'd, yet still sublime,
And wearing graceful the grey tints of Time,
Upon the steep Rock's craggy eminence
Th' embattl'd Castle sits, surveying thence
The villages that strew the subject plain,
And the long winding of the lucid main:
Meantime the stranger marks its turrets high,
And muses on the tale of changeful years gone by!

Of this no more—lo! here our journey ends;
Wide and more wide the arch of Heav'n extends,

* A convent built on the top of the Rock, where the apparition of St. Michael was said to have appeared.

And on this topmost fragment as we lean,
We feel remov'd from dim earth's distant scene.
Lift up the hollow trump,* that on the ground
Is cast, and let it, rolling its long sound,
Speak to the surge below, that we may gain
Tidings from those who traverse the wide main.
Or tread we now some spot of wizard-land?
And mark the sable trump, that may command
The brazen doors to fly, and with loud call
Scare the grim giant in his murky hall!
Hail, solitary Castle! that dost crown
This desart summit, and supreme look down
On the long-lessening landscape stretch'd below;
Fearless to trace thy inmost haunts we go!

We climb the steps:—No warning signs are sent,
No fiery shapes flash on the battlement.
We enter;—the long chambers, without fear,
We traverse:—No strange echoes meet the ear,
No time-worn tapestry spontaneous shakes,
No spell-bound maiden from her trance awakes,

* A speaking-trumpet lying on the ground.

But Taste's fair hand arrays the peaceful dome—
And hither the domestick virtues come,
Pleas'd, while to this secluded scene* they bear
Sweets that oft wither in a world of care.

Castle! no more thou frownest on the main
In the dark terror of thy ancient reign;
No more thy long and dreary halls affright,
Swept by the stoled spirits of the night;
But calm, and heedless of the storms that beat,
Here Elegance and Peace assume their seat;
And when the night descends, and Ocean roars,
Rocking without upon his darken'd shores,
These vaulted roofs to gentle sounds reply
The voice of social cheer, or song of harmony.†

So fade the modes of life with slow decay,
And various ages various hues display!
Fled are the grimly shadows of Romance—
And pleas'd we see in beauteous troop advance

* The Castle, which belongs to Sir John St. Aubyn, was tenanted by Sir Walter James and Lady.

† This and the foregoing reflections were suggested by seeing instruments of musick, books, &c. in an apartment, elegantly, but appropriately fitted up.

New arts, new manners, from the Gothick gloom
Escap'd, and scattering flow'rs that sweetlier bloom!

REFINEMENT wakes—before her beaming eye
Dispers'd, the fumes of feudal darkness fly.
Like orient Morning on the Mountain's head,
A softer light on life's wide scene is shed:
Lapping in bliss the sense of human cares,
Hark! Melody pours forth her sweetest airs;
And like the shades that on the still lake lie,
Of rocks, or fringing woods, or tinted sky,
Painting her hues on the clear tablet lays,
And her own beauteous world with tender touch displays!
Then Science lifts her form, august and fair,
And shakes the night-dews from her glitt'ring hair;
Meantime rich Culture clothes the living waste,
And purer patterns of Athenian Taste
Invite the eye, and wake the kindling sense;
And milder Manners, as they play, dispense,
Like tepid airs of Spring, their genial influence.

Such is thy boast, REFINEMENT.—But deep dies
Oft mar the splendour of thy noon-tide skies:

Then Fancy—sick of follies that deform
The face of day, and in the sunshine swarm;
Sick of the fluttering fopp'ries that engage
The vain pursuits of a degenerate age;
Sick of smooth Sophistry's insidious cant,
Or cold Impiety's defying rant;
Sick of the muling sentiment that sighs
O'er its dead bird, while Want unpity'd cries;
Sick of the pictures that pale Lust inflame,
And flush the cheek of Love with deep, deep shame—
Would fain the shade of elder days recall,
The Gothick battlements, the banner'd hall;
Or list of Elfin harps the fabling rhyme,
Or wrapt in melancholy trance sublime,
Pause o'er the working of some wond'rous tale,
Or bid the Spectres of the Castle hail!

O might I now, amid the frowning storm,
Behold, great Vision of the Mount, thy form,
Such and so vast as thou wert seen of yore,
When looking stedfast to Bayona's shore,
Thou sattest awful on the topmost stone,
Making the Rock thy solitary throne!

For up the narrow steps, winding with pain,
The watch-tow'r's loftiest platform now we gain:
Departed spirit, fruitless is the pray'r!
We see alone thy long-deserted chair,*
And never more, or in the storm of night,
Or by the glimm'ring Moon's illusive light,
Or when the flash, with red and hasty glance,
Sudden illumes the sea's remote expanse,
The shores, the cliffs, the mountain, (till again
Deep darkness closes on the roaring main)
Shalt thou, dread Angel, with unalter'd mien,
Sublime upon thy cloudy seat be seen!

Yet, musing much on wild tradition's lore,
And many a phantom tale, believ'd of yore,
Chiefly rememb'ring the sweet song (whose strain
Shall never die) of Him who wept in vain
"For his lov'd LYCIDAS," in the wide sea
Whelm'd, when he cry'd, great Angel, unto thee,
The fabled scene of thy renown we trace,
And hail, with thronging thoughts, thy hallow'd rest-
in g-place!

* On the highest turret of the Castle is a place called *St. Michael's Chair.*

The stealing Morn goes out—here let us end
Fitliest our song, and to the shore descend.

Yet once more, azure Ocean, and once more
Ye lighted headlands, and thou stretching shore,
Down on the beauties of your scenes we cast
A tender look, the longest and the last!
Amid the arch of Heav'n, extended clear,
Scarce the thin frecks of feathery clouds appear!
Beyond the long curve of the lessening bay
The still Atlantick stretches its bright way;
The tall ship moves not on the tranquil brine;
Around, the solemn promontories shine;
No sounds approach us, save, at times, the cry
Of the grey gull, that scarce is heard so high!
The billows make no noise, and on the breast
Of charmed Ocean, Silence sinks to rest!

O might we thus from Heav'n's bright battlements
Behold the scene Humanity presents;
And see, like this, all harmoniz'd and still,
And hear no far-off sounds of earthly ill!
Wide landscape of the world, in purest light
Array'd—how fair, how cheering were the sight!

Alas! we think upon this seat of care,
And ask, if peace, if harmony be there.
We hear the clangours and the cries, that shake
The mad world, and their dismal musick make!
We see gaunt Vice, of dread enormous size,
That fearless in the broad day swelt'ring lies,
And scorns the feeble arrow that assails
His Heav'n-defying crest and iron scales!
His brows with wan and wither'd roses crown'd,
And reeling to the pipe's lascivious sound,
We see Intemperance his goblet quaff;
And mocking Blasphemy, with mad loud laugh,
Acting before high Heav'n a direr part,
Sport with the weapons that shall pierce his heart!

If o'er the southern wave* we turn our sight,
More dismal shapes of hideous woe affright!
Grim-visag'd War, that ruthless as he hies,
Drowns with his trumpet's blast a brother's cries;
And Massacre, by yelling furies led,
With ghastly grin and eye-balls rolling red!

* Alluding to the cruelties committed in France.

O'er a vast field, wide heap'd with festering slain,
Hark! how the Dæmon Passions shout amain,
And cry, exulting, while the death-storm low'rs,
" Hurrah! the kingdoms of the world are ours!"

O God! who madest man, I see these things,
And weary'd wish for a fleet Angel's wings,
That I might fly away, and hear no more
The surge that moans along this mortal shore!
But Joy's unclouded sunshine may not be,
Till, Father of all worlds, we rest with Thee!
Then Truth, uplifting from thy works the pall,
Shall speak, " in wisdom hast thou made them all;"
Then Angels and Arch-angels as they gaze,
And all th' acclaiming host of Heav'n, shall raise
The loud Hosannah of eternal praise!

Here all is mixt with sorrow—and the clouds
Hang awfully, whose shade the dim earth shrouds—
Therefore I mourn for man, and sighing say,
As down the steep I wind my homeward way,
" Oh when will Earth's long-muttering tempests cease,
" And all be sunshine (like this scene) and peace!"

JUVENILIA.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY AT OXFORD.

ON AN

UNFORTUNATE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

WRITTEN DECEMBER 1783.

OH! ****, when distress and anguish came,
And slow disease prey'd on thy wasted frame;
When every friend, e'en like thy bloom, was fled,
And want bow'd low thy unsupported head;
Sure sad Humanity a tear might give,
And Virtue say, " live, beauteous sufferer, live!"

But should there ONE be found, (amidst the few
Who with compassion thy last pangs might view)
One who beheld thy errors with a tear,
To whom the ruins of thy heart were dear,
Who fondly hop'd, the ruthful season past,
Thy faded virtues might revive at last;
Should such be found——Oh! when he saw thee lie,
Closing on ev'ry earthly hope thine eye;

When he beheld despair, with rueful trace,
Mark the strange features of thy alter'd face!
When he beheld, as painful death drew nigh,
Thy pale, pale cheek, thy feebly-lifted eye,
Thy chill, shrunk hand, hung down as in despair,
Or slowly rais'd, with many a mutter'd pray'r!
When thus, in early youth, he saw thee bend
Poor to the grave, and die without a friend;
Some sadder feelings might unbidden start,
And more than common pity touch his heart!

Th' eventful scene is clos'd—with pausing dread
And sorrow, I drew nigh the silent bed—
Thy look was calm—thy heart was cold and still,
As if the world had never us'd it ill:
Methought the last faint smile, with traces weak,
Still seem'd to linger on thy faded cheek:
Poor ****! though most beauteous in thy face
Ere sorrow touch'd it, beam'd each lovely grace;
Yet, oh, thy living features never wore
A look so sweet, so eloquent before;
As this, which bids all human passions cease,
And tells my pitying heart, "YOU DIED IN PEACE!"

AT DOVER, 1786.

THOU, whose stern spirit loves the storm,
That borne on terror's desolating wings
Shakes the high forest, or remorseless flings
The shiver'd surge; when rising griefs deform
Thy peaceful breast, hie to yon steep, and think,
(When thou dost mark the melancholy tide
Beneath thee, and the storm careering wide)
Toss'd on the surge of life how many sink!
And if thy cheek with one kind tear be wet,
And if thy heart be smitten, when the cry
Of danger and of death is heard more nigh,
O learn thy private sorrows to forget;
Intent, when hardest beats the storm, to save
One, who, like thee has suffer'd, from the wave.

AT OXFORD, 1786.

BEREAVE me not of Fancy's shadowy dreams,
Which won my heart, or when the gay career
Of life begun, or when at times a tear
Sat sad on memory's cheek—though loftier themes
Await th' awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom, hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient; yet on life's wide plain
Left fatherless, where many a wanderer sighs
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
'Twere not a crime, should we awhile delay
Amid the sunny field; and happier they
Who, as they journey, woo the charm of song,
To cheer their way—till they forget to weep,
And the tir'd sense is hush'd, and sinks to sleep.

HYMN TO WODEN.

I need not perhaps mention, that WODEN *was the god of the Gothick or Northern nations—his hall was called "* VALHALLA*;" where those who were slain in battle drank ale with him out of the skulls of their enemies.*

HYMN TO WODEN.

GOD of the battle, hear our pray'r!
By the lifted falchion's glare!
By th' uncouth fane sublime,
Mark'd with many a Runick rhyme;
By the "weird Sisters"* dread,
That posting through the battle red
Choose the slain, and with them go
To Valhalla's halls below,
Where the phantom-chiefs prolong
Their echoing feast, a giant throng;

* Valkyriæ, or Choosers of the Slain :—See Gray's 'Fatal Sisters,' &c.

And their dreadful bev'rage drain
From the skulls of warriors slain.
God of the battle, hear our pray'r!
And may WE thy banquet share!

Save us, God, from slow disease;
From pains that the brave spirit freeze:
From the burning fever's rage;
From wailings of unhonour'd age,
Drawing painful his last breath!—
Give us in the battle death!
Let us lift our glitt'ring shield,
And perish, perish in the field?

Now o'er Cumri's hills of snow
To death, or victory, we go!
Hark! the chiefs their cars prepare!
See, they bind their yellow hair—
Frenzy flashes from their eye—
They fly—our foes before them fly.

WODEN, in thy empire drear,
Thou the groans of death dost hear,

And welcome to thy dusky hall
Those that for their country fall.

Hail, all hail the godlike train,
That with thee the goblet drain!
Or with many a huge compeer,
Lift as erst the shadowy spear;
Whilst HELA's inmost caverns dread
Echo to their giant tread,
And ten thousand thousand shields
Flash lightning o'er the glimm'ring fields!

Hark! the battle-shouts begin—
Louder sounds the glorious din!
Louder than the ice's roar,
Bursting on the thawing shore;
Or crashing pines that strew the plain,
When the whirlwinds hurl the main!
Riding through the death-field red,
And singling fast the destin'd dead,
See the fatal Sisters fly!*
Now my throbbing breast beats high—

* See Note before.

Now I urge my panting steed,
Where the foemen thickest bleed—
Soon exulting I shall go,
WODEN, to thy halls below;
Or o'er the victims as they die,
Chaunt the song of Victory.

GILIMER.

GILIMER was the last of the Vandal kings of Africa, conquered by BELISARIUS; he retired to the heights of Papua, when his army was entirely beaten.—His answer to the message sent to him there by BELISARIUS is well known. He desired the conqueror to send him a Loaf of Bread, a Sponge, and a Lute: this request was thus explained—that the king had not tasted any baked bread since his arrival on that mountain, and earnestly longed to eat a morsel of it before he died; the sponge he wanted to allay a tumour that was fallen upon one of his eyes; and the lute, on which he had learnt to play, was to assist him in setting some elegiac verses he had composed on the subject of his misfortunes.

GILIMER.

" HENCE, soldier, to thy plumed chief;
" Tell him that Africk's king,
" Broken by years and bow'd with grief,
" Asks but a lute, that he may sing
" His sorrows to the moon; or (if he weep)
" A sponge, which he in tears may steep;
" And let his pity spare a little bread!"

Such, GILIMER, was thy last pray'r
To him, who o'er thy realm his gay host led,
When thou forlorn, and frozen with despair,

Didst sit on Papua's heights alone,
Mourning thy fortune lost, thy crown, thy kingdom
gone.

When 'twas still night, and on the mountain vast
The moon her tranquil glimmer cast,
From tent to tent, remotely spread around,
He heard the murm'ring army's hostile sound,
And swell'd from his sad lute a solemn tone,
Whilst the lone vallies echo'd—" All is gone!"

The sun from darkness rose,
Illumining the landscape wide,
The tents, the far-off ships, and the pale morning tide:
Now the prophetick song indignant flows—

" Thine, Roman, is the victory—
" Roman, the wide world is thine—
" In every clime thy eagles fly,
" And the gay squadron's length'ning line,
" That flashes far and near,
" Its flouting banners as in scorn displays,—
" Trump answers trump, to war-horse war-horse neighs.

" I sink forsaken here—
" This rugged rock my empire, and this seat
" Of solitude, my glory's last retreat!
" Yet boast not thou,
" Soldier, the laurels on thy victor brow;
" They shall wither, and thy fate,
" Leave thee, like me, despairing, desolate!

" With haggard beard, and bleeding eyes,
" The conqueror of Africk lies*—
" Where now his glory's crested helm?
" Where now his marshall'd legions thronging bright,
" His steeds, his trumpets, clanging to the fight,
" That spread dismay through Persia's bleeding realm?

" Now see him poorly led,
" Begging in age his scanty bread!
" Proud victor, do our fates agree?
" Dost thou now REMEMBER ME—
" Me of every hope bereft;
" Me to scorn and ruin left?

* Alluding to the supposed miserable state of Belisarius in his old age.

" So may despair thy last lone hours attend;—
" That thou too, in thy turn, may'st know,
" How doubly sharp the woe—
" When from fortune's summit hurl'd,
" We gaze around on all the world,
" And find in all the world NO FRIEND!"

[The original Ballad from whence these Lines are taken, was sent some years ago, by the Author, to the Gentleman's Magazine, and published in that miscellany:—they were written in early youth]

OCTOBER, 1784.

WHEN in those eyes of tenderest light
A sadness, as of love, I see,
I sometimes think when I am sad,
They look with kindness upon me.

O gentlest Maiden! dost thou grieve
For pleasant seasons past and gone;
And love to trace in others' looks
A shade of sadness like thy own!

Perhaps on some unthankful heart
For all thy hopes thou didst depend;
And now dost fondly turn to mark
The look but of a pitying friend.

Distrust me not—by hopes most dear
I swear, and God my witness be,
This heart, which wants a friend itself,
Should bleed to purchase peace for thee:

When care sat dimly on thy brow,
Its secret cause I would not seek,
But kiss perhaps a falling tear,
And press thy hand, and never speak.

E'en now I inly pray that soon
Thy heart may ev'ry bliss attain;
But mine, alas! which pity'd thee,
I fear will never rest again.

I Trust the happy hour will come,
That shall to peace thy breast restore;
And that we two, beloved Friend,
Shall one day meet to part no more.

It grieves me most, that parting thus,
All my soul feels I dare not speak;
And when I turn me from thy sight,
The tears in silence wet my cheek.

Yet I look forward to the time,
That shall each wound of sorrow heal;
When I may press thee to my heart,
And tell thee ALL which now I feel.

OH, Musick! if thou hast a charm
That may the sense of pain disarm,
Be all thy tender tones address'd
To soothe to peace my ****'s breast;
And bid the magick of thy strain
So still the wakeful throb of pain
That wrapt in the delightful measure,
Sweet Hope again may whisper pleasure,
And seem the notes of spring to hear,
Prelusive to an happier year.

And if thy magick can restore
The shade of days that smile no more,
And softer, sweeter colours give
To scenes that in rememb'rance live;
Be to her pensive heart a friend,
And whilst the tender shadows blend,

Recall, ere the brief trace be lost,
Each moment that she priz'd the most.

Perhaps, when many a cheerful day
Hereafter shall have stoll'n away,
If then some old and fav'rite strain
Should bring back to her thoughts again
The hours, when silent by her side
I listen'd to her song and sigh'd—
Perhaps a long-forgotten name,
A thought, if not a tear, may claim;
And when in distant plains away,
Alone I count each ling'ring day,
She may a silent pray'r prefer
For him, whose heart once bled for her.

OCTOBER 26, 1791.

How shall I cheat the heavy hours, of thee
Depriv'd, of thy kind looks and converse sweet,
Now that the waving grove the dark storms beat,
And wintry winds sad sounding o'er the lea,*
Scatter the sallow leaf? I would believe,
Thou, at this hour, with tearful tenderness
Dost muse on absent images, and press
In thought my hand, and say, "Oh do not grieve,
"Friend of my heart! at wayward fortune's pow'r;
"One day we shall be happy, and each hour
"Of pain forget, cheer'd by the summer ray."
These thoughts beguile my sorrow for thy loss,
And, as the aged pines their dark heads toss,
Oft steal the sense of solitude away.

* Summer-Leas, near Knoyle.

So am I sadly sooth'd, yet do I cast
A wishful glance upon the seasons past,
And think how diff'rent was the happy tide,
When thou, with looks of love, wert smiling by my side.

NOVEMBER, 1791.

NOW Summer, the season of pleasure is past,
And the rain it beats hard, and the leaves they fall fast,
And sad in this covert I linger alone,
For the friend of my heart she is far away gone.

Return, pleasant Spring! and oh hasten again
With the smile of thy sunbeam to gladden the plain;
But thy smile shall be vain, and thy aspect be drear,
And thy musick, O Spring, will sound sad to mine ear,
And all thy green buds I with sorrow shall see,
If the friend of my bosom return not with thee.

MAY 4, 1792.

WHEN the rack of the winter is rolled away,
And Summer comes in with her garland of May,
I cry'd, " Lovely Season, how pleas'd shall I see
" The friend of my bosom returning with thee!"

With thee she returns not—Oh, how shall I bear
The breath of thy fragrance that whispers despair:
With thee she returns not—her death-bell has toll'd,
And every fond hope in my bosom is cold!

COOMBE-ELLEN:

A POEM,

WRITTEN IN RADNORSHIRE,

SEPTEMBER 1798.

ADVERTISEMENT.

COOMBE-ELLEN (in Welch Cwm Elan*) is situated among the most romantick mountains of Radnorshire, about five miles from Rhayd'r.—Mr.* Grove *purchased ten thousand acres and upwards, which he has greatly improved, by draining and watering, and he resides there with his family some of the summer months. As a place, it is well worth the attention of the Poet, the Painter, and the practical Agriculturist.*

TO

THOMAS GROVE, ESQ;

OF FERN, IN WILTSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,

THESE Lines, written at your Summer Residence in Radnorshire, during a visit there, I beg leave to inscribe to you, as a testimony of esteem for an upright Magistrate, a humane, sincere, and sensible Man; and I am,

WITH MUCH REGARD,

YOUR OBLIGED FRIEND AND SERVANT,

W. L. BOWLES.

DONHEAD,

OCT. 17, 1798.

COOMBE-ELLEN.

Sam Edward Charlton.

CALL the strange spirit that abides unseen
In wilds, and wastes, and shaggy solitudes,
And bid his dim hand lead thee through these scenes
That burst immense around! by mountains, glens,
And solitary cataracts that dash
Through dark ravins; and trees, whose wreathed roots
O'er-hang the torrent's channell'd course; and streams,
That far below, along the narrow vale,
Upon their rocky way, wind musical.

Stranger! if Nature charm thee—if thou lov'st
To trace her awful steps, in glade or glen,
Or under covert of the rocking wood,

That sways its murmuring and mossy boughs
Above thy head; now, when the wind at times
Stirs its deep silence round thee, and the shower
Falls on the sighing foliage—hail her here
In these her haunts; and wrapt in musings high,
Think that thou holdest converse with some Power
Invisible and strange, such as of yore
Greece, in the shades of piney Mænalus,
The abode of PAN, or Ida's hoary caves,
Worshipp'd; and our old Druids, 'mid the gloom
Of rocks and woods like these, with mutter'd spell
Invok'd, and the loud ring of choral harps.

Hast thou oft mourn'd the chidings of the world,
The sound of her disquiet, that ascends
For ever, mocking the high throne of GOD?
Hast thou in youth known sorrow! Hast thou droop'd,
Heart-stricken, over youth and beauty's grave,
And ever after thought on the sad sound
The cold earth made, which, cast into the vault,
Consign'd thy heart's best treasure—" dust to dust?"
Here lapt into a sweet forgetfulness,
Hang o'er the wreathed water-fall, and think
Thou art alone in this dark world and wide.

Here Melancholy, on the pale craggs laid,
Might muse herself to sleep; or Fancy come,
Witching the mind with tender cozenage,
And shaping *things that are not*; here all day
Might Meditation listen to the lapse
Of the white waters, flashing through the cleft,
And gazing on the many shadowing trees,
Mingle a pensive moral as she gaz'd.

High o'er thy head, amidst the shiver'd slate,
Behold, a sapling yet, the wild ash bend
Its dark red berries clust'ring, as it wish'd
In the clear liquid mirror, ere it fell,
To trace its beauties: O'er the prone cascade,
Airy, and light, and elegant, the birch
Displays its glossy stem, amidst the gloom
Of alders and jagg'd fern, and evermore
Waves her light pensile foliage, as she woo'd
The passing gale to whisper flatteries.
Upon the adverse bank, wither'd, and stript
Of all its pleasant leaves, a scathed oak
Hangs desolate—once sov'reign of the scene,
Perhaps, proud of its beauty and its strength,
And branching its broad arms along the glen:

O speaks it no remonstrance to the heart?
It seems to say, " So shall the spoiler come,
" The season that shall shatter your fair leaves,
" Gay children of the summer! yet enjoy
" Your pleasant prime, and lift your green heads high,
" Exulting; but the storm will come at last,
" That shall lay low your strength, and give your pride
" To the swift-hurrying stream of age, like mine."

And so severe Experience oft reproves
The gay and careless children of the world;
They hear the cold rebuke, and then again
Turn to their sport, as likes them, and dance on!
And let them dance; so all their blooming prime
They give not up to vanity, but learn
That wisdom and that virtue which shall best
Bested them, when the evil days draw nigh,
And the brief blossoms of their spring-time fade.

Now wind we up the glen, and hear below
The dashing torrent, in deep woods conceal'd;
And now again, white-flashing on the view,
O'er the huge craggy fragments. Ancient stream,
That murmur'st through the mountain solitudes,

The time has been when no eye mark'd thy course,
Save His who made the world! Fancy might dream
She saw thee thus bound on from age to age
Unseen of man, whilst awful Nature sat
On the rent rocks, and said, " These haunts be mine."
Now Taste has mark'd thy features; here and there
Touching with tender hand, but injuring not,
Thy beauties—whilst along thy woody verge
Ascends the winding pathway, and the eye
Catches at intervals thy vary'd falls.

But loftier scenes invite us; pass the hill,
And through the woody hanging, at whose feet
The tinkling ELLEN winds, pursue thy way.
Yon bleak and weather-whiten'd rock, immense,
Upshoots amidst the scene, craggy and steep,
And like some high-embattl'd citadel,
That awes the low plain shadowing. Half-way up
The purple heath is seen, but bare its brow,
And deep-intrench'd, and all beneath it spread
With massy fragments riven from its top.

Amidst the craggs, and scarce discern'd so high,
Hangs here and there a sheep, by its faint bleat

Discover'd, whilst the astonish'd eye looks up,
And marks it on the precipice's brink
Picks its scant food secure:—And fares it not
E'en so with you, poor orphans! ye who climb
The rugged path of life without a friend;
And over broken craggs bear hardly on
With pale imploring looks, that seem to say,
"My mother!" she is bury'd, and at rest,
Laid in her grave-clothes; and the heart is still,
The only heart that throughout all the world
Beat anxiously for you! Oh, yet bear on;
He who sustains the bleating lamb shall feed
And comfort you: meantime the Heavens' pure beam,
That breaks above the sable mountain's brow
Lighting, one after one, the sunless craggs,
Awakes the blissful confidence, that here,
Or in a world where sorrow never comes,
All shall be well.

Now through the whisp'ring wood
We steal, and mark the old and mossy oaks
Imboss the mountain slope; or the wild ash,
With rich red clusters mantling; or the birch
In lonely glens light-wav'ring; till behold

to face page 97.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Grove. Engrav'd by W. Cooke.

Published April 10. 1801. by Cadell & Davies Strand.

The rapid river shooting through the gloom
Its lucid line along; and on its side
The bordering pastures green, where the swink'd ox
Lies dreaming, heedless of the numerous flies
That, in the transitory sunshine, hum
Round his broad breast; and farther up the cot,
With blue light smoke ascending: Images
Of peace and comfort! the wild rocks around
Endear your smile the more, and the full mind,
Sliding from scenes of dread magnificence,
Sinks on your charms reposing: Such repose
The sage may feel, when, fill'd and half-opprest
With vast conceptions, smiling he returns
To life's consoling sympathies, and hears,
With heart-felt tenderness, the bells ring out;
Or pipe upon the mountains; or the low
Of herds slow winding down the cottag'd vale,
Where day's last sunshine lingers: Such repose
He feels, who following where his SHAKESPEARE leads,
As in a dream, through an enchanted land,
Here, with Macbeth, in the dread cavern hails
The Weïrd Sisters, and the dismal deed
Without a name; there sees the charmed isle,

The lone domain of Prospero, and, hark!
Wild musick, such as earth scarce seems to own,
And Ariel o'er the slow-subsiding surge
Singing her smooth air quaintly: Such repose
Steals o'er her spirits, when, through storms at sea,
Fancy has follow'd some nigh-founder'd bark,
Full many a league, in ocean's solitude
Toss'd, far beyond the Cape of utmost Horne,
That stems the roaring deep; her dreary tract
Still Fancy follows, and at dead of night
Hears, with strange thunder, the huge fragments fall
Crashing, from mountains of high-drifting ice
That o'er her bows gleam fearful; till at last
She hails the gallant ship in some still bay
Safe moor'd, or of delightful Tinian,
(Smiling, like fairy isle, amid the waste)
Or of New-Zealand, where from shelt'ring rocks
The clear cascades gush beautiful, and high
The woodland scenery tow'rs above the mast,
Whose long and wavy ensign streams beneath.
Far inland, clad in snow, the mountains lift
Their spiry summits, and endear the mroe
The sylvan scene around; the healing air
Breathes o'er green myrtles, and the Poe-bird flits,

Amid the shade of aromatick shrubs,
With silver neck and bluey-burnished wing.

Now cross the stream, and up the narrow track
That winds along the mountain's edge, behold
The peasant-lass ascend: chearful her look
Beneath the umbrage of her broad black hat,
And loose her dark-brown hair; the plodding pad
That bears her, panting climbs, and with sure step
Avoids the jutting fragments; she meantime
Sits unconcern'd, till lessening from the view
She gains the summit, and is seen no more.

All day, along that mountain's heathy waste,
Booted and strapt, and in rough coat succinct,
His small shrill whistle pendent at his breast,
With dogs and gun, untir'd the sportsman roams;
Nor quits his wildly-devious range, till eve,
Upon the woods, the rocks, and mazy rills
Descending, warns him home: then he rejoins
The social circle, just as the clear moon,
Emerging o'er the sable mountain, sails
Silent, and calm, and beautiful, and sheds
Its solemn grandeur on the shadowy scene.

To Musick then; and let some chosen strain
Of HANDEL gently recreate the sense,
And give the silent heart to tender joy.

Pass on to the hoar cataract,* that foams
Through the dark fissures of the riven rock;
Prone-rushing it descends, and with white whirl,
Save where some silent shady pool receives
Its dash; thence bursting with collected sweep,
And hollow sound, it hurries, till it falls
Foaming in the wild stream that winds below.
Dark trees, that to the mountain's height ascend,
O'er-shade with pendent boughs its mossy course,
And, looking up, the eye beholds it flash
Beneath the incumbent gloom, from ledge to ledge
Shooting its silvery foam, and far within
Wreathing its curve fantastick. If the harp
Of deep poetic inspiration, struck
At times by the pale minstrel, whilst a strange
And beauteous light fill'd his uplifted eye,
Hath ever sounded into mortal ears,
Here I might think I heard its tones, and saw,

* Nant-Vola.

Sublime amidst the solitary scene,
With dimly-gleaming harp, and snowy stole,
And cheek in momentary phrenzy flush'd,
The great musician stand. Hush, every wind
That shakes the murm'ring branches! and thou stream,
Descending still with hollow-sounding sweep,
Hush!—'Twas the bard struck the loud strings: "Arise,
"Son of the magick song, arise,
"And bid the deep-ton'd lyre
"Pour forth its manly melodies;
"With eyes on fire
"CARADOC rush'd upon the foe,
"He rear'd his arm—he laid the mighty low.
"O'er the plain see he urges his gore-bathed steed!
"They bleed—the Romans* bleed!
"He lifts his lance on high,
"They fly! the fierce invaders fly!
"Fear not now the horse or spear,
"Fear not now the foeman's might;
"Victory the cry shall hear
"Of those who for their country fight;

* The *Silures*, comprehending Radnorshire, Herefordshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire, were the bravest of the Britons; *Caractacus*, the greatest and most renowned leader Britain had ever produced, was their king.

" O'er the slain
" That strew the plain
" Stern on her sable war-horse shall she ride,
" And lift her red right-hand in their heart's blood deep
" dyed!"

Return, my Muse, the fearful sound is past;
And now a little onward, where the way
Ascends above the oaks that far below
Shade the rude steep, let Contemplation lead
Our slow steps; from this shady eminence
'Tis pleasant, and yet fearful, to look down
Upon the river roaring, and far off
To see it stretch in peace, and mark the rocks
One after one, in solemn majesty
Unfolding their wild reaches; here with wood
Mantled, beyond abrupt and bare, and each
As if it strove with emulous disdain
To tow'r in ruder, darker amplitude.
Pause, ere we enter the long craggy vale;
It seems the abode of solitude. So high
The rock's bleak summit* frowns above our head,
Looking immediate down, we almost fear

* Dole-Vinoc rock.

Lest some enormous fragment should descend
With hideous sweep into the vale, and crush
The intruding visitant; no sound is here,
Save of the stream that shrills, and now and then
A cry as of faint wailing, when the kite
Comes sailing o'er the craggs, or stragling lamb
Bleats for its mother. Here, remote from man,
And life's discordant roar, might Piety
Lift up her early orisons to Him
Who made the world; who pil'd up, aged rocks,
Your huge o'er-shadowing summits; who devolv'd
The mighty rivers on their mazy course;
Who bade the seasons roll, and they roll'd on
In harmony; who fill'd the earth with joy,
And spread it in magnificence. O God!
Thou also madest the great water-flood,
The deep that uttereth his voice; whose waves
Toss fearful at thy bidding. Thou didst speak,
And lo, the great and glorious Sun, from night
Tenfold, upspringing, through the heavens' wide way
Held his untir'd career. These, in their course,
As with one shout of acclamation, praise
Thee, Lord! thee, Father! thee, Almighty King!
Maker of Earth and Heaven: Nor less the flower

That shakes its purple head, and smiles unseen
Upon the mountain's van; nor less the stream
That tinkles through the cliff-encircl'd bourne,
Cheering with musick the lone place, proclaim
" In wisdom, Father, hast thou made them all."

Scenes of retir'd sublimity, that fill
With fearful extacy, and holy trance,
The pausing mind! We leave your awful gloom
And lo, the foot-way plank, that leads across
The narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm
Below; the rugged stones are wash'd and worn
Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scoop'd
By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
Smooth, deep, and polish'd as the marble urn,
In their hard forms. Here let us sit, and watch
The struggling current burst its headlong way,
Hearing the noise it makes, and musing much
On the strange changes of this nether world.
How many ages must have swept to dust
The still-succeeding multitudes, that " fret
" Their little hour" upon this restless scene,
Or ere the sweeping waters could have cut
The solid rock so deep: as now its roar

Comes hollow from below, methinks we hear
The noise of generations, as they pass,
O'er the frail arch of earthly vanity,
To silence and oblivion. The loud coil
Ne'er ceases—as the running river sounds
From age to age, though each particular wave
That made its brief noise, as it hurry'd on,
Ev'n whilst we speak, is past, and heard no more;
So ever to the ear of Heaven ascends
The long, loud murmur of the rolling globe;
Its strife, its toil, its sighs, its shouts, the same.

But lo! upon the hilly croft, and scarce
Distinguish'd from the crags, the peasant hut
Forth peeping; nor unwelcome is the sight;
It seems to say, Though solitude be sweet,
And sweet are all the images that float
Like summer-clouds before the eye, and charm
The pensive wanderer's way, 'tis sweeter yet
To think that in this world a brother lives.
And lovelier smiles the scene, that 'mid the wilds
Of rocks and mountains, the bemused thought
Remembers of humanity, and calls
The wildly-roving fancy BACK TO LIFE.

Here then I leave my harp, which I have touch'd
With careless hand, and here I bid farewell
To Fancy's fading pictures, and farewell
The ideal spirit that abides unseen
'Mid rocks, and woods, and solitudes. I hail
Rather the steps of Culture, that ascend
The precipice's side. She bids the wild
Bloom, and adorns with beauty not its own
The ridged mountain's tract; she speaks, and lo
The yellow harvest nods upon the slope;
And through the dark and matted moss upshoots
The bursting clover, smiling to the sun.
These are thy offspring, Culture! the green herb
Is thine, that decks with rich luxuriance
The pasture's lawny range; the yellow corn,
That waves upon the upland ridge, is thine;
Thine too the elegant abode, that smiles
Amidst the rocky scene, and wakes the thought,
The tender thought, of all life's charities.
And senseless were my heart, could I look back
Upon the vary'd way my feet have trod,
Without a silent prayer that health and joy,
And love and happiness, may long abide
In the romantick vale where ELLEN winds.

SUMMER EVENING, AT HOME.

MAY, 1799.

COME, lovely Evening, with thy smile of peace
Visit my humble dwelling, welcom'd in
Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,
But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshopper's faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
Heard indistinctly from the village green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song—all these
Touch soothingly the troubl'd ear, and please
The stilly-stirring fancies—though my hours
(For I have droop'd beneath life's early show'rs)
Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad

To meet thee, Evening, here——here my own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
That seems to say—" Forget the transient tear
" Thy pale youth shed—Repose and Peace are here."

WINTER EVENING, AT HOME.

DECEMBER 28, 1799.

FAIR Moon, that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy ev'ning way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the dark'ning wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deep'ning night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without, and whilst I gaze,
I think—around me in this twilight room—
I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
Whilst hope, and joy, cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere!

THE

SPIRIT OF NAVIGATION DISCOVERY.

Canto the First.

INSCRIBED TO

THE REV. DR. VINCENT,

HEAD-MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

The following is the Introduction to a large Poem intended to have been written on the subject of Naval Discovery, from the earliest period to our own times, to consist of ten books or cantos; but considering the greatness and extent of the theme, I found the metre, as adopted in the present essay, too confined; I have, however, published it as it is, reserving the subject for a different mode of treating it, unless it should be thought by better judges than myself that the present stanza might, with propriety, be employed;—the following is therefore offered to the publick merely as a specimen.

THE SPIRIT

OF

NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY.

Canto the First.

INSCRIBED

MOST RESPECTFULLY TO

THE REV. DR. VINCENT,

MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

THE SPIRIT

OF

NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

STERN Father of the Storm! who dost abide
Amid the solitude of the vast deep,
For ever list'ning to the sullen tide
And whirlwinds, that the billowy desert sweep;
Thou at the distant death-shriek dost rejoice,
The rule of the tempestuous main is thine,
Outstretch'd and lone; thou utterest thy voice,
Like solemn thunders, " These wild waves are mine,
" Mine their dread empire, nor shall man profane
" Th' eternal secrets of my ancient reign."

II.

The voice is vain! secure, and as in scorn,
The gallant vessel goes before the wind—
Her parting sails swell stately to the morn—
She leaves the green earth and its hills behind—
Gallant before the wind she goes, her prow
High bearing, and disparting the blue tide
That foams and flashes in its rage below;
Meantime the helmsman feels a conscious pride,
And while far onward the long billows swell,
Looks to the lessening land, which seems to say 'farewell!'

III.

Father of Storms! then let thy whirlwinds roar
O'er seas of solitary amplitude:
Man, the poor tenant of thy rocky shore,
Man, thy terrific empire hath subdued;
And though thy waves toss his nigh-founder'd bark
Where no dim watch-light gleams, still he defies
Thy utmost rage, and in his buoyant ark
Goes on, regardless of the dark'ning skies;
And o'er the mountain-surges as they roll,
Subdues his destin'd way, and speeds from pole to pole.

IV.

Behold him now, far from his native plain,
Where high woods shade some wild Hesperian bay,
Or green isles glitter in the southern main,
His streaming ensign to the morn display.
Behold him, where the North's pale meteors dance,
And icy rocks roll glimm'ring from afar,
Fearless through night and solitude advance;
Or where the pining sons of Andamar
(When dark eclipse has wrapt the lab'ring moon)
Howl to the dæmon of the dread monsoon!

V.

Time was, like them, poor Nature's shiv'ring child,
Wand'ring the beach, and by the salt spray beat,
He watch'd the melancholy surge, or smil'd
To see it burn and bicker at his feet;
In some rude shaggy spot, by fortune plac'd,
He dreamt not of strange lands, and empires spread
Beyond the rolling of the wat'ry waste;
He saw the sun shine on the mountain's head,
But knew not, whilst he hail'd the orient light,
What myriads bless'd his beam, or sicken'd at the sight.

VI.

From some dark promontory, that o'er-bent
The flashing waves, he heard their ceaseless roar,
Or carol'd in his light canoe content;
As bound from creek to creek it graz'd the shore;
Gods of the storm the dreary space might sweep,
And shapes of death, and gliding spectres gaunt,
Might flit, he thought, o'er the remoter deep;
And whilst strange voices cry'd "Avaunt, Avaunt!"
Uncertain lights, seen through the midnight gloom,
Might lure him sadly on to his cold wat'ry tomb.

VII.

No city, then, amid the calm clear day,
O'er the blue waters' undulating line,
With battlements, and fans that glitter'd gay,
And piers, and thronging masts, was seen to shine.
No cheerful sounds were wafted on the gale,
Nor humm'd the shores with early industry;
But mournful birds in hollow cliffs did wail,
And there all day the cormorant did cry,
While with sunk eye, and matted dripping locks,
The houseless savage slept beneath the foam-beat rocks.

VIII.

Thus slumb'ring long upon the dreamy verge
Of instinct, see, he rouses from his trance!—
Faint, and as glimmering yet, the Arts emerge,
One after one, from darkness, and advance
Beauteous, as o'er the Heav'ns the stars' still way.
Now see the tract of his dominion wide
Fair smiling, as the day-spring; cities gay
Lift their proud heads, and o'er the yellow tide,
Whilst sounds of fervent industry arise,
A thousand pennants float bright-streaming in the skies!

IX.

Genius of injur'd Asia! once sublime
And glorious, now dim seen amid the storm
And melancholy clouds of sweeping time,
Who yet dost half reveal thine awful form,
Pointing, with sadden'd aspect and slow hand,
To vast emporiums, desolate and waste;
To wrecks of unknown cities, sunk in sand;
'Twas at thy voice, Arts, Order, Science, Taste,
Upsprung, the East adorning, like the smile
Of spring upon the banks of thy own swelling Nile.

X.

'Twas at thy voice huge Enterprize awoke,
That, long on rocky Aradus reclin'd,
Slumber'd to the hoarse surge that round her broke,
And hollow pipings of the idle wind;
She heard thy voice—upon the rock she stood
Gigantick—the rude scene she mark'd—she cry'd,
" Let there be intercourse, and the great flood
" Waft the rich plenty, to these shores deny'd!"
And soon thine eye delighted saw aspire,
Crowning the midland main, thy own Imperial Tyre.

XI.

Queen of the Waters! who didst ope the gate
Of Commerce, and display in lands unknown
Thy vent'rous sail, e'en now in ancient state
Methinks I see thee on thy rocky throne;
I see their massy piles thy cothons* rear,
And on the deep a solemn shadow cast;
I traverse thy once-echoing shores, and hear
The sound of mighty generations past:
I see thy kingly merchants' throng'd resort,
And gold and purple gleam o'er all thy spacious port.

* Cothons, artificial harbours.

XII.

I mark thy glitt'ring gallies sweep along—
The steady rowers to the strokes incline,
And chaunt in unison their choral song—
White through their oars the ivory benches shine—
The fine-wrought sails, which looms of Egypt wove,
Swell beautiful beneath the bending mast,
Hewn from proud Lebanon's immortal grove;
The oaks of Bashan brave the roaring blast!
So o'er the western wave thy vessels float,
For verdant Egypt bound, or Calpé's cliffs remote.

XIII.

Queen of the waters! throned on thy seat
Amidst the sea, thy beauty and thy fame
The deep, that rolls low-murmuring at thy feet,
And all the multitude of isles, proclaim!
For thee Damascus piles her woolly store;
To thee their flocks Arabia's princes bring;
And Sheba heaps her spice and glitt'ring ore;
" The ships of Tarshish of thy glory sing:*
" Queen of the waters! who is like to thee,
" Replenish'd in thy might, and throned on the sea?

* Ezekiel xxvii 25.—" The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee, and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas."

XIV.

The purple streamers fly, the trumpets sound,
Th' advent'rous bark glides on in tranquil state,
The voyagers, with leafy garlands crown'd,
Draw back their arms together, and elate
Sweep o'er the surge; the spray amusive flies
Beneath the stroke of their unweary'd oars;
To their loud shouts the circling coast replies;
And now, o'er the deep ocean, where it roars
They fly—till slowly less'ning from the shore,
Beneath the haze they sink—sink, and are seen no more.

XV.

When Night descends, and with her silver bow
The Queen of Heaven* comes forth in radiance bright,
Surveying the dim earth and seas below;
Why from afar resounds the mystick rite
Hymn'd round her uncouth altar? Virgins there
(Amid the brazen tymbal's hollow ring)
And aged priests the solemn feast prepare;
To her their nightly orisons they sing;
That she may look from her high throne, and guide
The wand'ring bark secure along the trackless tide.

* Astarte, or the Moon, the goddess of the Sidonians, called the *Queen of Heaven.*——"The women knead their dough to make cakes to the "Queen of Heaven." *Jeremiah, chap. vii.*

XVI.

Her on his nightly watch the pilot views
Careful, and by her soft and tranquil light,
Along th' uncertain coast his track pursues;
And now he sees great Carmel's woody height,
Where nightly fires to grisly Baal burn;
Round the rough cape he winds—meantime far on
Thick eddying scuds the hollow surf upturn:
He thinks of the sweet light of summer gone!
He thinks, perhaps, dash'd on the rugged shore,
He never shall behold his babes' lov'd mother more!

XVII.

Slow comes the morn—but ah! what dæmon form*
(While pealing thunder the high concave rends)
Rises more vast amid the rushing storm!
With dreadful shade his horrid bulk ascends
Dark to the driving clouds—beneath him roars
The deep—his troubl'd brow is wrapt in gloom;
Ah, it moves onwards; see! more huge it soars!
Who shall avert the poor sea-farer's doom?
Who now shall save him from the spectre's might
That treads the rocking waves in thunder and in night?

* Water-spouts are more frequent near the capes of Latikea, Grecgo, and Carmel, than in any other parts of the Mediterranean Sea.—*Shaw's Travels.*

XVIII.

Dread phantom! art thou he whose fearful sway,
As Egypt's hoary chronicles have told,
The clouds, the whirlwinds, and the seas obey,
Typhon! of aspect hideous to behold?
O spare the wretched wanderers, who, led
By flattering hopes, have left the peaceful shore!
Behold they shrink—they bend with speechless dread—
From their faint grasp drops the unheeded oar!
It answers not, but mingling seas and sky
In clouds, and wind, and thunder, rushes by.

XIX.

Hail to thy light, lord of the golden day,
Who, bursting through the sable clouds again,
Dost cheer the seaman's solitary way,
And with new splendour deck the lucid main;—
And lo! the voyage past, where many a palm,*
Its green top only seen, the prospect bounds,
Fringing the sunny sea-line, clear and calm—
Now hark! the slowly-swelling human sounds!
Meantime the bark along the placid bay
Of Tamiatis keeps her easy-winding way.

* The coast of Egypt is not discovered till its trees are seen.

XX.

Here rest we safe from scenes of peril past,
No danger lurks in this serene retreat;
No more is heard the roaring of the blast,
But past'ral sounds of scatter'd flocks that bleat,
Or evening herds that o'er the campaign low;
Here citrons tall and purple dates around
Delicious fragrance and cool shade bestow;
The shores with murmuring industry resound;
While through the vernal pastures where he strays,
The Nile,* as with delight, his mazy course delays.

* The many turnings of the river Nile mark the distance from Cairo to be near two hundred miles, though in a direct road it will scarce amount to half that number.——*Shaw.*

WATER-PARTY

ON

BEAULIEU RIVER,

IN THE NEW FOREST,

JUNE, 1799.

I.

I Thought 'twas a toy of the fancy—a dream
That leads with illusion the senses astray,
And I sigh'd with delight, as we stole down the stream,
While Eve, as she smil'd on our sail, seem'd to say,
"Rejoice in my light, ere it fade fast away!"

II.

We left the loud rocking of ocean behind,
And stealing along the clear current serene,
The Phædria* spread her white sails to the wind,
And they who divided had many a day been,
Gaz'd with added delight on the charms of the scene!

* Cutter belonging to Nath. Ogle, esq.

III.

Each bosom one spirit of peace seem'd to feel,
We heard not the tossing, the stir, and the roar
Of the ocean without, we heard but the keel,
The keel that went whispering along the green shore,
And the stroke, as it dipp'd, of the feathering oar.

IV.

Beneath the dark woods now as winding we go,
What sounds of rich harmony burst on the ear;
Hark! cheerly the loud-swelling clarionets blow—
Now the tones gently die, now more mellow we hear
The horns through the high forest echoing clear.

V.

They cease, and no longer the echoes prolong
The swell of the concert: in silence we float—
In silence? O listen! 'tis woman's* sweet song—
The bends of the river reply to each note,
And the oar is held dripping, and still from the boat.

* Mrs. Sheridan.

VI.

Mark the sun that descends o'er the curve of the flood!
Seize, WILMOT,* the pencil, and instant convey
To the tablet the water, the banks, and the wood,
That their colours may live without change or decay,
When these beautiful tints die in darkness away.

VII.

So when we are parted, and toss'd on the deep,
And no longer the light on our prospect shall gleam,
The semblance of one lovely scene we may keep,
And remember the day, and the hour, like a dream!
When we sigh'd with delight as we stole down the stream.

* Mrs. Wilmot, well known for her great talents in drawing, &c.

FAIRY SKETCH.

SCENE—NETLEY-ABBEY.

I.

THERE was a morrice on the moon-light plain,
And musick echo'd in the woody glade,
For fay-like forms, as of Titania's train,
Upon a summer eve, beneath the shade
Of NETLEY's ivy'd ruins, to the sound
Of sprightly minstrelsy did beat the ground:—
"Come, take hands! and lightly move,
"While our boat, in yonder cove,
"Rests upon the dark'ning sea;
"Come, take hands, and follow me!"

II.

NETLEY! thy dim and desolated fane
Hath heard, perhaps, the spirits of the night
Shrieking, at times, amid the wind and rain;
Or haply, when the full-orb'd moon shone bright,
Thy glimm'ring aisles have echo'd to the song
Of fairy MAB, who led her shadowy masque along.
Now, as to the sprightly sound
Of moon-light minstrelsy we beat the ground,
From the pale nooks, in accent clear,
Now, methinks, her voice I hear,
Sounding o'er the darksome sea,
" Come, take hands, and follow me!"

III.

" Here, beneath the solemn wood,
" When paly-blue is all the sky,
" And the moon is still on high,
" To the murmurs of the flood,
" To the glimpses of the night,
" We perform our airy rite;—
" Care and pain, to us unknown,
" To the dark'ning seas are flown.

IV.

" Hear no more life's fretful noise,
" Heed not here pale envy's sting,
" Far from life's distemper'd joys;
" To the waters murmuring,
" To the shadows of the sky,
" To the moon that rides on high,
" To the glimpses of the night,
" We perform our airy rite,
" While care and pain, to us unknown,
" To the dark'ning seas are flown."

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY WILLIAM SCROPE, ESQ.

BENEATH the chilling airs, when I behold
Thee, lovely flow'r, recline thy languid head;
When I behold thee drooping, pale, and cold,
As sorrowing for thy vernal sisters dead;
Methinks I mark the orphan child of woe,
Expos'd to hardship from his earliest birth,
Bending beneath the wintry storms that blow,
His only portion a rude spot of earth;
Yet sure, like thine, meek flow'r, his spring draws near,
And Heav'n's sweet sunshine shall inhale each tear.

LATINE' REDDITUM.

FRIGORE sub rigido te, veris floscule, cerno,
Nutantem tenerum languidulumq; caput,
Atq; ita pallentem, tumulatas sola sorores
Seu plores, tempus quas hiemale premit.
Sic pallet (dixi) deserta orbata juventas,
Dum jam tempestas desuper atra strepit;
Sic caput inclinat, rudis inclementia mundi
Dum ferit, et solo in tramite mœsta nitet.
At citò ver veniat, veniet citò mitior aura
Hauriat et lacrymam lux rediviva brevem!

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. WARTON.

"Αηγετε, Βουκολικας, μυσαι φιλαι, αηγετ' αοιδας."

IDYLL. I.

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. WARTON.

Wm Edward Thackston

OH! I should ill thy gen'rous cares requite,
Thou who didst first inspire my timid muse,
Could I one tuneful tear to thee refuse,
Now that thine aged eyes are clos'd in night,
Poor WARTON!—Thou hast strok'd my stripling head,
And sometimes, mingling kind reproof with praise,
My path hast best directed through the maze
Of thorny life—by thee my steps were led
To that romantick valley, high o'erhung
With sable woods, where many a minstrel rung
His bold harp to the sweeping waterfall,
Whilst Fancy lov'd around each form to call

That fill the poet's dream: to this retreat
Of Fancy, (won by whose enticing lay
I have forgot how sunk the summer's day)
Thou first did guide my not unwilling feet;
Meantime inspiring the gay breast of youth
With love of taste, of science, and of truth.

The first inciting sounds of human praise,
A parent's love excepted, came from THEE;
And but for thee, perhaps, my boyish days
Had all pass'd idly, and whate'er in me
Now live of hope, been bury'd.
I was one,
Long bound by cold dejection's numbing chain,
As in a torpid trance, that deem'd it vain
To struggle; nor my eye-lids to the sun
Uplifted—but I heard thy cheering voice!——
I shook my deadly slumber off; I gaz'd
Delighted round—awak'd, inspir'd, amaz'd,
I mark'd another world, and in my choice
Lov'lier, and deck'd with light!—On fairy ground
Methought I buoyant trod, and heard the sound
As of enchanting melodies, that stole,
Stole gently, and intranc'd my captive soul.

Then all was life and hope! 'Twas thy first ray,
Sweet Fancy, on the heart—as when the day
Of Spring, along the melancholy tract
Of wintry Lapland, dawns; the cataract,
From ice dissolving on the silent side
Of some white precipice, with paly gleam
Descends, while the cold hills a slanting beam
Faint tinges: till, ascending in his pride,
The great Sun from the red horizon looks,
And wakes the tuneless birds, the stagnant brooks,
And sleeping lakes! So on my mind's cold night
The ray of Fancy shone, and gave delight
And hope, past utterance . . . .

Thy cheering voice,
O WARTON! bid my silent heart rejoice,
And wak'd to love of Nature: every breeze,
On Itchin's brink, was melody: the trees
Wav'd in fresh beauty; and the wind and rain,
That shook the battlements of Wykeham's fane,
Not less delighted, when with random pace
I trod the cloister'd aisles: and, witness thou,
Catharine,* upon whose foss-encircl'd brow
We met the morning, how I lov'd to trace

* Catharine-Hill.

The prospect spread around—the rills below,
That shone irriguous in the fuming plain;
The river's bend, where the dark barge went slow,
And the pale light on yonder time-worn fane.*

So pass'd my days with new delight—meantime
To Learning's tender eye thou didst unfold
The classick page, and what high bards of old,
With solemn notes, and minstrelsy sublime,
Have chaunted, we together heard; and thou,
WARTON! wouldst bid me listen, till a tear
Sprung to mine eye: NOW the bold song we hear
Of Greece's sightless master-bard:† the breast
Beats high,—with stern PELIDES to the plain
We rush; or o'er the corpse of HECTOR slain
Hang pitying;—and lo! where pale, opprest
With age and grief, sad PRIAM comes;‡ with beard
All white, he bows, kissing the hands besmear'd
With his last hope's best blood!

The oaten reed§
Now from the mountain sounds; the sylvan muse,
Reclin'd by the clear stream of Arethuse,
Wakes the Sicilian pipe;—the sunny mead

* St. Cross Hospital. † Homer. ‡ See the last Book. § Theocritus.

Swarms with the bees, whose drowsy lullaby
Soothes the reclining ox with half-clos'd eye;
While in soft cadence to the madrigal,
From rock to rock the whispering waters fall!
But who is he,* that, by yon wretched cave,
Bids heav'n and earth bear witness to his woe?
And hark! how hollowly the ocean-wave
Echoes his plaint, and murmurs deep below!—
" Haste—let the tall ship stem the tossing tide,
" That he may leave his cave, and hear no more
" The Lemnian surges unrejoicing roar—
" And be great Fate† thro' the dark world thy guide,
" Sad PHILOCTETES!" . . .

So Instruction bland
With young-ey'd Sympathy, went hand in hand
O'er classick fields; and let my heart confess
Its holier joy, when I essay'd to climb
The lonely heights, where SHAKESPEARE sat sublime,
Lord of the mighty spell: around him press

† Philoctetes, see Sophocles—Youthful impressions on first reading it.

* Μεγαλη μοιρα.—Soph.

Spirits and fairy-forms:—He, ruling wide
His visionary world, bids terror fill
The shiv'ring breast, or softer pity thrill
E'en to the inmost heart: within me died
All thoughts of this low earth, and higher pow'rs
Seem'd in my soul to stir—till, strain'd too long,
The senses sunk:—
Then, OSSIAN, thy wild song
Haply beguil'd th' unheeded midnight hours,
And, like the blast that swept Berrathron's tow'rs,
Came 'pleasant and yet mournful' to my soul!
"See! o'er th' autumnal heath the grey mists roll!—
"Hark! to the dim ghosts' faint and feeble cry,
"As on the cloudy tempest they pass by!—
"Saw ye huge LODA's spectre-shape advance,
"Through which the stars look pale!" . . . .

Nor ceas'd the trance
Which bound the erring fancy, till dark night
Flew silent by, and at my window-grate
The morning bird sung loud—nor less delight
The spirit felt, when still and charm'd I sate
Great MILTON's solemn harmonies to hear,
That swell from the full chord, and strong and clear,

(Beyond the tuneless couplets' weak controul)
Their long-commingling diapason roll,
In numerous sweetness. . . . .

Nor, amidst the quire
Of pealing minstrelsy, was thy own lyre,
WARTON, unheard;—as Fancy pour'd the song,
The measur'd musick flow'd along,
Till all the heart and all the sense
Felt her divinest influence,
In throbbing sympathy:—" Prepare the car,*
" And whirl us, Goddess, to the war,
" Where crimson banners fire the skies,
" Where the mingled shouts arise,
" Where the steed, with fetlock red,
" Tramples ' the dying and the dead;'
" And amain, from side to side,
" Death his pale horse is seen to ride!—
" Or rather, sweet Enthusiast, lead
" Our footsteps to the cowslip mead,
" Where (as the magick spell is wound)
" Dying musick floats around:—

* See Warton's Ode to Fancy.

" Or seek we some grey Ruin's shade,
" And pity the cold Beggar* laid
" Beneath the ivy-rustling tow'r,
" At the dreary midnight hour,
" Scarce shelter'd from the drifting snow;
" While her dark locks the bleak winds blow
" O'er ' her sleeping infant's' cheek!
" Then let the shrilling trumpet speak,
" And pierce in louder tones the ear,
" Till, while it peals, we seem to hear
" The sounding march, as of the Theban's song;†
" And varied numbers, in their course,
" With gath'ring fullness, and collected force,
" Like the broad cataract, swell and sweep along!"
Struck by the sounds, what wonder that I laid,
As thou, O WARTON, didst the theme inspire,
My inexpericne'd hand upon the lyre,
And soon with transient touch faint musick made,
As soon forgotten. . . . .

So I lov'd to lye
By the wild streams of Elfin poesy,

* Alluding to some pathetick lines in Warton's Ode to Fancy.

† See Warton's Ode on West's translation of Pindar.

Rapt in strange musings: but when life began,
I never roam'd, a visionary man,
(For taught by thee, I learnt with sober eyes
To look on life's severe realities)
I never made (a dream-distemper'd thing)
Poor Fiction's realm, my world; but to cold truth
Subdu'd the vivid shapings of my youth;
Save when the drisly woods were murmuring,
Or some hard crosses had my spirit bow'd:
Then I have left, unseen, the careless croud,
And sought the dark sea roaring, or the steep
That brav'd the storm; or in the forest deep,
As all its grey leaves rustled, woo'd the tone
Of the lov'd lyre, that, in my spring-tide gone,
Wak'd me to transport:
Eighteen summers now
Have smil'd on Itchin's margin, since the time
When these delightful visions of our prime
Rose on my view in loveliness.—And thou,
Friend of my muse, in thy death-bed art cold,
Who, with the tenderest touches, didst unfold
The shrinking leaves of Fancy, else unseen
And shelterless: therefore to thee are due
Whate'er their summer sweetness; and I strew,

Sadly, such flow'rets as on hillocks green,
Or mountain-slope, or hedge-row, yet my hand
May cull, (with many a recollection bland,
And mingled sorrow) WARTON, ON THY TOMB,
TO WHOM, IF BLOOM THEY BOAST, THEY OWE THEIR BLOOM!

NOTES.

NOTES.

"SONG OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE."

I Need not say that "SONG," in this place, is used in its highest sense, as a Lyrical composition.

P. 3. L. I.

Shout! for the Lord hath triumph'd gloriously!

EXODUS XV. 1. I will sing unto the LORD, *for he hath triumphed gloriously*; the *horse and his rider* hath he thrown into the sea.—4. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea.—6. Thy right-hand, O LORD, hath *dashed in pieces* the enemy.—10. Thou didst blow with thy wind—the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

P. 4. L. 3.

Ammon . . . .

He was the first that built long and tall ships with sails—" Till then they used small and round vessels of burden on the Red Sea, and kept within sight of shore."

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

IB. L. 5.

Sesac . . . .

" 1010 years before Christ, Sesac, in the reign of his father Ammon, invades Arabia, and sets up pillars at the mouth of the Red Sea.—1008, invades Afric and Spain, and sets up pillars in all his conquests, and particularly at the mouth of the Mediterranean.—972, invades India, and sets up pillars at the mouth of the Ganges."

NEWTON.

IB. L. 7.

And thou, whose bones do rest, &c.

" The memory (says Pliny) of those who built the pyramids, as a just punishment for their vanity, is buried in oblivion. It is well known, that in the lowest chambers of the largest pyramid is a sepulchre cut out of entire stone."

IB. L. II.

And Philip's glorious son.

I speak of Alexander only as a conqueror: but I feel the truth of the learned Dr. Vincent's masterly developement of his enlarged views, and superior character.

IB. L. 15.

. . . . *Bleeding rival lay.*

I need not possibly, to any reader, mention the murder of Pompey, on the shores of Egypt, by which the greatest part of the known world was possessed by Julius Cæsar.

" Cum Ptolemæorum manes, seriemque pudendam,
" Pyramides claudant, indignaque mausolea:
" Littora Pompeium feriunt, truncusque vadosis
" Huc illuc jactatur agnis."

PHAR. Lib. viii.

P. 5. L. 10.

Half-hid in jealous hood.

I mean by this expression merely to characterise, in general, the mystery and obscurity of Egyptian super

stition, according to the idea of an ancient inscription in the temple of Isis, at Sais:

"I am whatever has been, is, and shall be; and no "one *hath taken off my veil.*"

P. 6. L. 9.

Or the huge sandy pillar.

See Bruce's sublime description of the terrific appearance of the vast columns of moving sand in the desarts.

IB. L. 13.

. . . . *Like the Simoom's horrid blast.*

See also Bruce's description of this pestilential wind.

P. 7. L. 7.

Or call on Typhon, &c.

Egyptian deity.—Apollonius says he had an hundred heads; and from his hundred mouths issued devouring flames, and howlings so dreadful that they terrified gods a nd men.

IB. L. 13.

Grim Moloch . . . .

"Syrian deity.—There was a burning furnace at the feet of his statue, into which they threw the children

whom they offered to that god; and whilst the miserable victim shrieked as it burned to death, the priests beat drums, &c. to hinder the cries from being heard. From this noise, the valley where it was most frequently worshipped was called 'Tophet,' the valley of dismal sounds."

Abbé BANIER.

See Milton's fine description in his Hymn on the Nativity.

P. 8. L. 8.

The cow'ring crocodile hath rais'd, &c.

Crocodiles are seldom seen below the falls, but I hope the idea may be excused '*poeticè*.'

IB. L. 13.

. . . *Loud explosion rends the midnight air!*

The burning of the L'Orient.

P. 9. L. 6.

. . . . *Dark with blood.*

"μελαν αιμα." HOMER.

P. II. L. 9.

Beyond the farthest fountains of the Nile.

"Πετρα υπο βλεφων οθεν ουκεθι Νειλος ορατος."

THEOCR. Idyl. 7. l. 114.

P. 15.

INCSRIPTIONS.

These should rather have been called 'INSCRIPTIVE PIECES,' as they are written in the form of Inscriptions, but at the same time only convey the *particular* sentiments of the Author, such as the scenery before him suggested to his mind.

P. 43.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

St. Michael's Mount is well known as a singular rock in Mount's-bay, Cornwall. Its striking situation and appearance, its history, and the popular supersti-

tions of which it has been for many ages the scene, render it a subject particularly adapted to poetry.

"Stepping over the South sea, (for the distance is in comparison but a step) St. Michael's Mount (says Carey) looketh so aloft, as it brooketh no concurrent, for the highest place.——Ptolomy termeth it 'Ocrinum;' the Cornish men 'Cara Cowy,' that is, 'the Hoare Rock in the wood.'—The same is sundred from the maine land by a sandy playne, of a flight short in breadth, passable at the ebbe, on foote; with boat, on the flood. Your arrival on the other side is entertayn'd by an open greene, of some largenesse, which, finishing where the hill beginneth, leavest you to the conduction of a winding and craggy path: and that at the top delivereth you into a little playne, occupied for the moste part by a fort of the olde making. A little without the castle, there is a bad seat in a craggy place, somewhat dangerous for access, and therefore holy for the adventure."

SURVEY OF CORNWALL.

"Who knows not Mighel's mount and chaire,
"The Pilgrim's holy vaunt." IBID.

P. 47. L. 14.

When not the lime-leaf moves . . .

In the stillest night of summer there generally is observed a faint tremulous motion among the pale leaves of the lime-tree, which by moon-light has a beautiful effect. The image is here introduced to give an idea of perfect stillness at midnight.

P. 50. L. 10.

. . . . *Shouting cry to Thor.*

Of this deity of the northern nations, worshipped in Britain, the following account from the *Edda* may not, to some of my readers, be unacceptable:

" Hereupon Gangler demanded, What are the names of the other gods? what are their functions, and what have they done for the advancement of their glory? Har says to him, the most illustrious among them is THOR. He is called *Asa-Thor*, or the Lord Thor; and *Ake-Thor*, or the Active Thor. He is the strongest and bravest of gods and men. His kingdom is named *Thrudwanger*. He possesses there a palace, in which are five hundred and forty halls. It is the largest house that is known; according as we find

mentioned in the poem of *Grimnis*:—' *There are five* ' *hundred and forty halls in the winding palace of the* ' *god Thor; and I believe there is no where a greater* ' *fabrick than this of the eldest of sons!*' "

P. 55. L. 7.

Sick of the muling sentiment that sighs.

Alluding to such pathetick histories as that of a *dead canary-bird*, &c.

" Quis taliâ fando
" Temperet à lacrimis?"

IB. L. 20.

. . . . *Looking stedfast to Bayona's shore.*

" Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
" Looks to Namanco's and Bayona's hold."

MILTON's Lycidas.

P. 56. L. 15, &c.

" *Chiefly rememb'ring the sweet song (whose strain*
" *Shall never die) of Him who wept in vain*
" *For his lov'd Lycidas.*"

See T. WARTON's interesting note on the passage of MILTON's exquisite Lycidas, relating to the " great vision of the guarded Mount."

P. 57. L. 3.

Yet once more, azure ocean, and once more
Ye lighted headlands . . . .

" Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
" Ye myrtles brown," &c. . . . . Lycidas.

IB. L. 10.

The still Atlantick stretches its bright way.

Mr. MATON's description of the view from the top of the castle is very just and striking.

" A narrow stone stair-case in one of the angles leads to the top of the tower. The prospect hence is of so grand a kind as to defy description, and is perhaps as striking as any that can obcur to ' mortal eye,' at the same height. The immense extent of sea, which it exhibits, raises the most sublime emotions: the waves of the British, Irish, and Atlantick seas, all roll within the compass of the sight; and the union of the two latter is interrupted only by the bold eminences about the Land's-end. More under the feet, Penzance is distinctly seen—the scaffolding of the famous Wherry-mine—and the hills eastward of the bay uniting into a long rocky ridge."

Maton's Observations on the Western Counties.

P. 69. L. 7.

Choose the slain, &c.

" There are, besides, a great many virgins who officiate in Valhall, pouring out beer and ale for the heroes, and taking care of the cups, and whatever belongs to the table. To this refers what is said in the poem of *Grimnis*—' I wish Rista and Mista would supply me ' with the drinking-horns, for they are the nymphs ' who should give cups to the heroes.' These goddesses are called *Valkyries;* Odin sends them into the fields of battle to make choice of those who are to be slain, and to bestow the victory. GUDUR, ROSTA, and the youngest of the ' Destinies' or Fairies, who preside over time, viz. SKULDA, (or the Future) go forth every day on horseback to choose the dead, and regulate what carnage shall ensue." . . . . *Edda.*

P. 70. L. 3.

God of the battle, hear our pray'r.

" Gangler goes on, and asks, Who are the gods whom men ought to acknowledge? Har answers, there are twelve gods whom you ought to serve. Jafnhar

adds, nor are the goddesses less sacred. Thridi proceeds—the first and most ancient of the gods is ODIN. ODIN is called the Universal Father; he is the father of all the gods;—he is also called the Father of Battles, because he adopts for his children all those who are slain with their swords in their hands. He assigns them for their place of residence the palaces of Valhall and Vingolf, and bestows on them the title of heroes."

The Gothic 'Ode on HACON,' where these deities are introduced, is wild and poetical:—

The Goddesses 'of Destiny,' who preside over battles, come, sent forth by Odin. They go to choose among the Princes of the illustrious race of Yngvon, him, 'who is to perish, and' go to dwell in the palace of the gods.

"Gondula, 'one of these goddesses,' leaned on the end of her lance, and thus bespake 'her companions:' the assembly of the gods is going to be increased: 'the enemies of' Hacon come to invite this prince, with his numerous host, to enter the palace of Odin.

"Thus spake thefe beautiful nymphs of war; who were seated on their horses; who were covered with their shields and helmets, and appeared full of some great thought.

"Hacon heard their discourse: Why, (said he to one of them) why hast thou thus disposed of the battle? Were we not worthy to have obtained from the gods a more perfect victory? It is we, she replied, who have given it to thee; it is we who have put thine enemies to flight.——Now, proceeded she, let us urge forward our horses across those green and verdant worlds, which are the residence of the gods. Let us go tell Odin, that the king is coming to visit him in his palace.

"When the father of the gods hears this news, he says, Hermode and Brago, my sons, go to meet the king: a king, admired by all men for his valour, now approacheth to our hall.

"At length king Hacon approaches, and, arriving from the battle, is still all besprinkled and running down with blood. At the sight of Odin he cries out, Ah! how severe and terrible doth this god appear to me!"

Eulogium of Hacon, MALLET's Antiquities.

P. 115. L. 6.

And icy rocks roll glimm'ring from afar.

The following is a beautiful description of the appearance of an Ice-Mountain:—

" The ice that had parted from the main body, they had now time to admire, as it no longer obstructed their course; the various shapes in which the broken fragments appeared, were indeed very curious and amusing. One remarkable piece described a magnificent arch so large and completely formed, that a sloop of considerable burden might have sailed through it without lowering her masts. Another represented a church with windows, pillars, and domes, &c."

PHIPP's Voyage to the North.

P. 98. L. 15.

. . . . *Or of delightful Tinian.*

" The isle of Tinian is about twelve miles long and six broad. The land rises in gentle slopes from the beach; but the ascent is frequently broken by vallies of a moderate depth, some of which irregularly traverse the country. These vallies, and the gradual swellings

of the ground, to which their different combinations give rise, are beautifully diversified by the mutual approach of woods and lawns, which border on each other, and extend in large tracts over the whole island. The woods are composed of tall spreading trees, estimable both for their fruit and utility.—The lawns are covered with an uniform turf, composed of very fine trefoil, intermixed with various flowers. Hence arose a great diversity of the most luxuriant prospects, according to the different blendings of the woods and lawns, through the vallies and along the slopes.—The animals which enliven the landscape, partake of the romantick cast of the island itself, and greatly increase its beauty.—Hundreds of cattle, all milk white, except their ears, may be seen feeding together; and the flocks of domestick poultry, with discordant musick, give the perfect idea of the vicinity of farms and villages." ANSON's Voyage.

P. 119. L. 18.

The ships of Tarshish of thy glory sing.

EZEKIEL xxvii. 25. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market; and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the seas.

P. 119. L. 5.

. . . . *Sails which looms of Egypt wove.*

EZEKIEL xxvii. 3. And say unto Tyrus, O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles, Thus saith the Lord GOD; O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. 4. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. 5. They have made all thy ship-boards of fir-trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. 6. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars: the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim. 7. Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail: blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee.

P. 140. L. 17, 18.

. . . . *Kissing the hands besmear'd*
With his last hope's best blood!

"Τόσθ' ἕλαθ' εἰσελθων Πρίαμος μέγας, ἄγχι δ' ἄρασας,
Χερσιν Αχιλλῆος λάβε γονάλα, κὺ κύσε χεῖρας
Δεινὰς, ἀνδροφόνους, αἳ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἷας."

HOMER IL. 24. L. 477.

P. 119. L. 12.

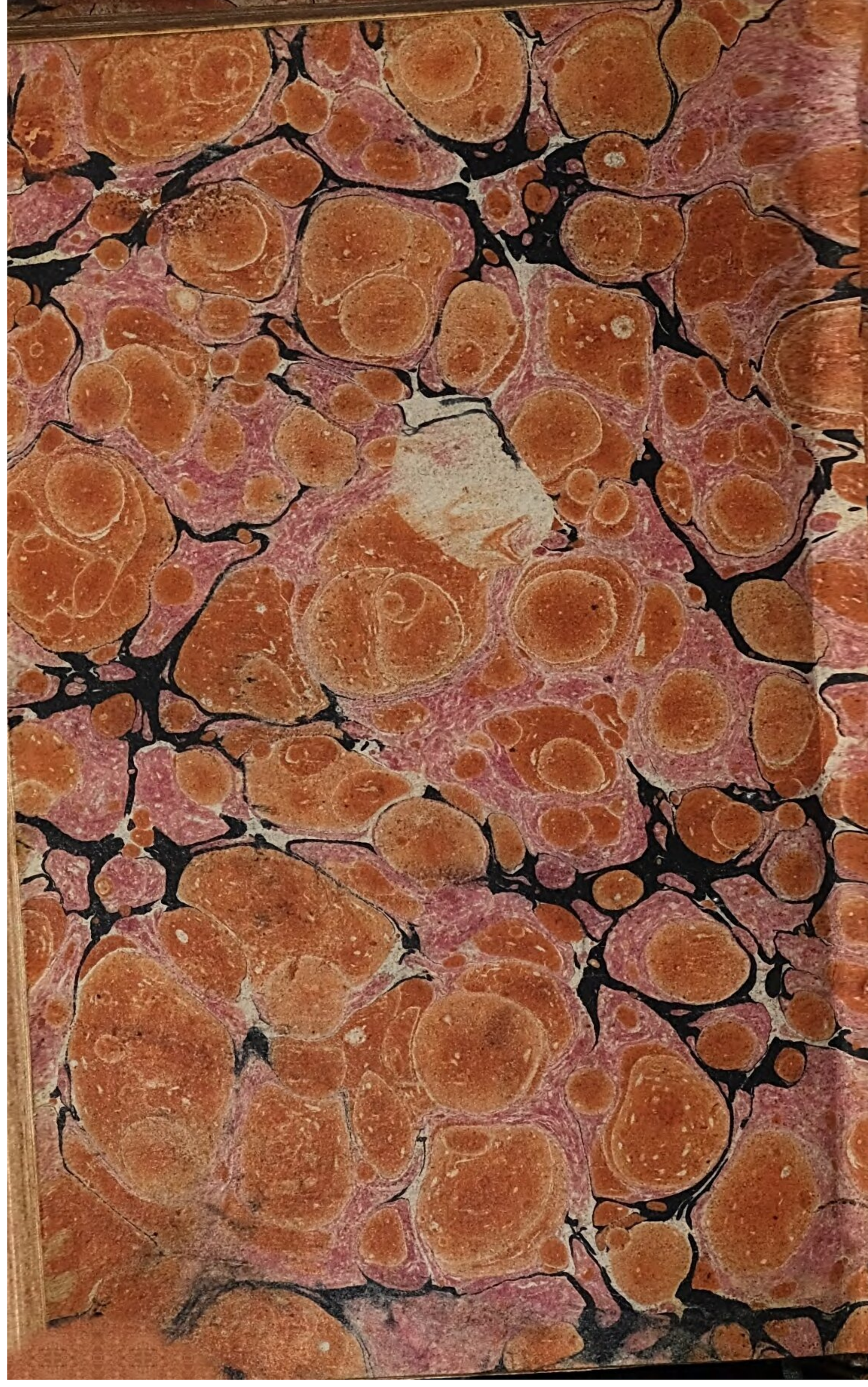
And be Great Fate thro' the dark world thy guide.

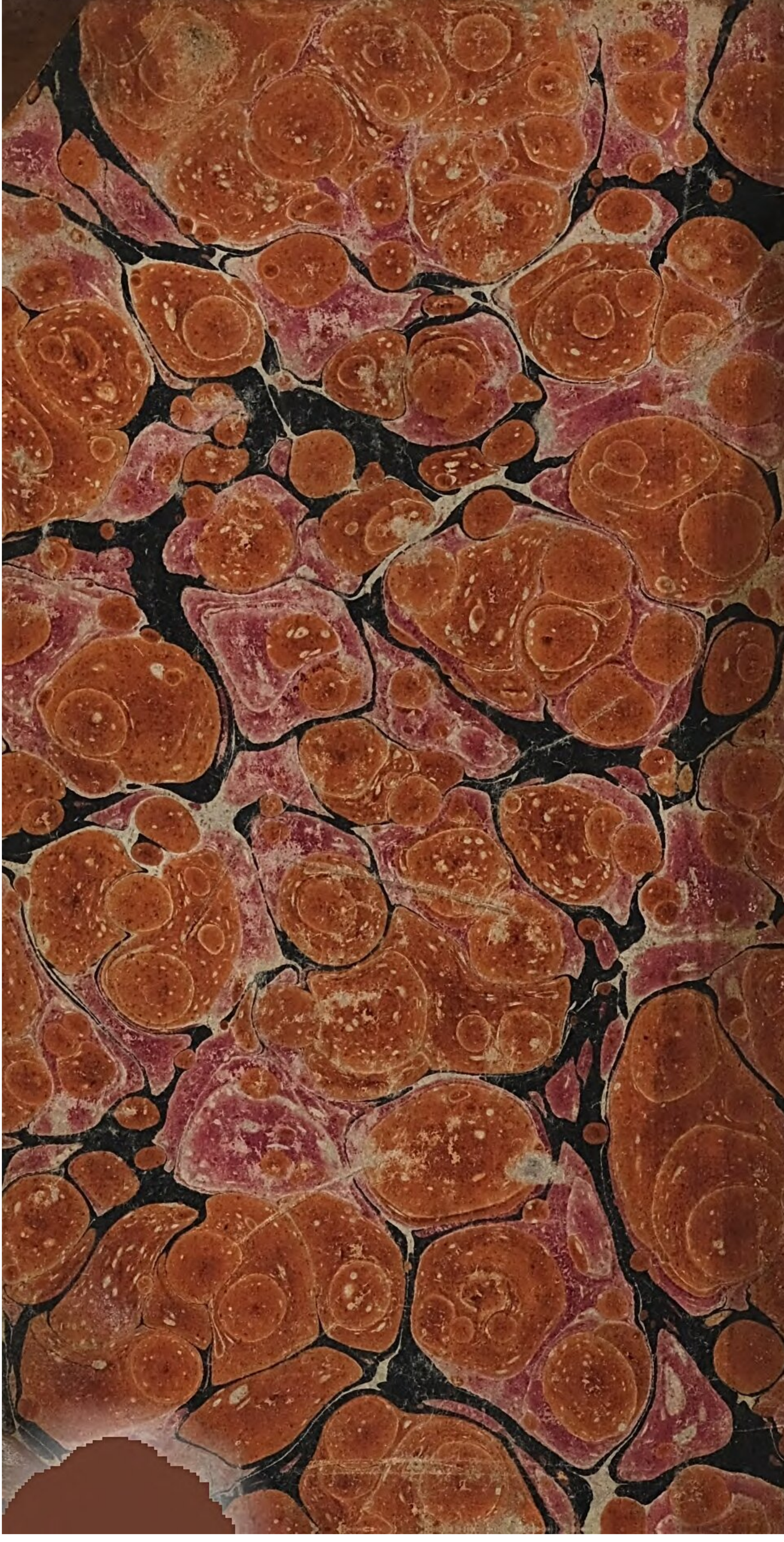
" Φέρε νῦν ϛείχων, χὠραν καλέσω.
Χαῖρ', ὦ μέλαθρον, ξύμφορον ἐμοὶ,
Νύμφαί τ' ἔννυδροι λειμωνιάδες,
Καί κτύπος ἄρσην πόντου προβλὴς,
Οὗ πολλάκι δὴ τεῦμον ἐτέγχθη
Κρᾶτ' ἐνδόμυχον πληγῆσι νότου,
Πολλὰ δὲ φωνῆς τῆς ἡμετέρας
Ἕρμαιον ὄρος παρέπεμψεν ἐμοὶ
Στόνον ἀντίτυπον χειμαζομένω.
Νῦν δ', ὦ κρῆναι, γλύκιον τε ποτὸν,
Λείπομεν ὑμᾶς, λείπομεν ἤδη,
Λόξης ὅποτε τῆσδ' ἐπιβάντες.
Χαῖρ', ὦ Λήμνου πέδον ἀμφίαλον,
Καί μ' εὐπλοίᾳ πέμψον ἀμέμπτως,
Ἔνθ' ἡ Μεγάλη Μοῖρα κομίζει,
Γνώμη τε φίλων, χ' ὡ πανδαμάτωρ
Δαίμων, ὃς ταῦτ' 'πέκρανεν." . . . .

SOPHOCLES, PHILOCT. L. 1498.

FINIS.

Cruttwell, Printer, Bath.





Bowles, William Lisle,

Poems

Bd.: 2

Bath (1803)